Week ending June 20 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

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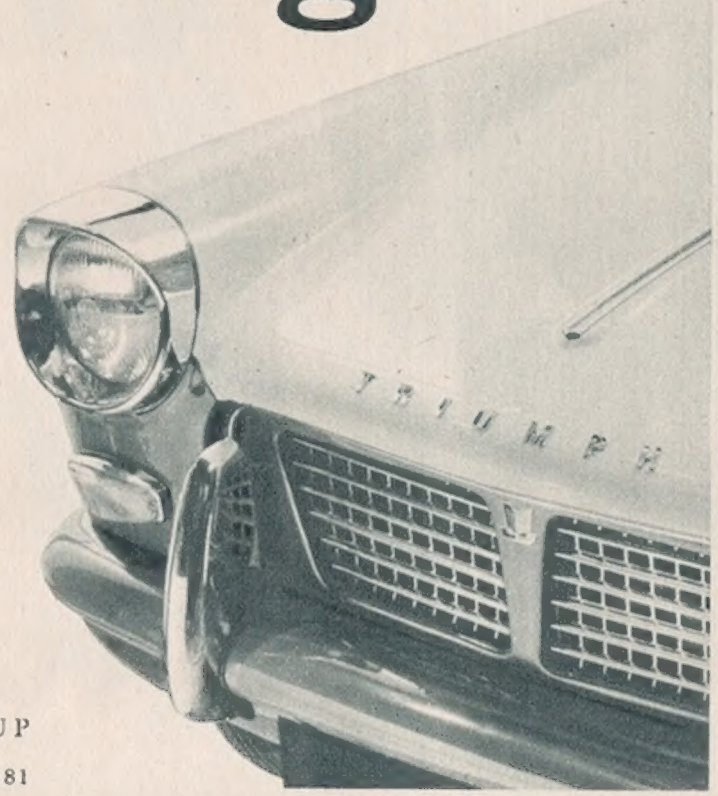

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JOHN BULL
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The Cover

CRUMBS! It's one thing getting it over quickly, being chucked into the swimming pool back home, but this is slow torture. He never dreamed that a sunsplashed sea could have such a cold comfort caress. And he won't thank the first parent to reach him at a fast crawl for prescribing the only remedy—a swift plunge up to the neck. "At times like this," says artist Critchlow, "a chap hankers for school—even for those sums about the time water takes to run out of tanks."

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Summer Blooms

THERE is something sadly wrong with the women of Britain. They seem to suffer from a serious case of collective split personality.

In summer any High Street in the country is full of attractively dressed women and girls who could outshine their counterparts in any other country of the world for natural beauty set off by smart clothes.

Yet, at the first hint of bad weather, these alluring creatures disappear and in their places we have dowdy frumps who dress like shapeless bundles and look like nothing more than a vast army of displaced persons.

Is it too much for the men of Britain to ask their womenfolk to stop hibernating during the winter months and go on being the crisp, attractive eye-catchers they are during the summer?—J. W. MACLEAN, Coventry.

Spoiled View

Living as I do in the Thames Valley, bordering on the Cotswold country, it has been my greatest regret for years that the beauty of this grey-stone and green countryside has been desecrated by marching columns of electricity pylons and telegraph poles.

Then one recent summer morning, out for a walk with my dog, I noticed that trees in full leaf completely hid my cottage—except for my ugly and vulgar TV aerial.

I realize now that I am just as guilty of spoiling the beauty of the countryside as the Electricity Board and the Post Office.—MRS. MARJORIE DAVIS, Buscot, Faringdon, Berks.

Safe At The Fair?

I have just read of the collapse of a spectator platform at a Wall of Death show. Fifteen people were injured.

Is there an official department responsible for the safety of fair-ground equipment—or has the public to take a chance upon the integrity of individual fairground operators?—J. WAREING, Andrew Street, Preston.

"The question of safety regulations affecting fairground equipment is entirely a matter for the local authority in whose area the fair is held," says the Home Office.

Happy, Home And Away

As a mother of three children who went eagerly to school, I resent the implication that if children go happily to school, they do not have a happy home ("Free Speech," May 23).

It may be true that children suffocated by parental love were stunned when they went to school.

My husband and I have always tried to bring up our children to be independent and adventurous, and to go out and play with other children. We believe that children have a sixth sense of self-preservation which is often stifled by parents.

Before they started school I took them along when it was open for inspection to show them the exciting things done there, so that they looked forward to it as a treat, not because they were unhappy at home.

It is not easy to share your child's world with outsiders—but it makes life happier.—MRS. W. A., Fawley, Southampton.

Backwards March

Motor cars have been reversing for half a century, yet there is still no signal a driver can give to warn people that he intends to travel backwards.

The introduction of such a signal would mean fewer accidents, particularly in busy towns where reversing

is as dangerous as it is necessary.—LESLIE SCHEFTSIK, Donisthorpe Street, Bradford, 5, Yorks.

Full Church

The Established Church complains that it is desperately short of ordained men and is unable to fulfil faithfully its appointed mission in the evangelism of the nation.

Yet I noted that it took a bishop, a canon and two vicars to perform the ceremony at a recent society wedding.

Church ritual and the stateliness of the services appear to be of more account than the propagation of the Gospel to the masses today.—C. G. CORFIELD, Barkers Lane, Sale, Cheshire.

"One does not know the circumstances of the wedding mentioned," says a Church of England official, "or whether some or all of the clergymen taking part were relatives or friends of either family and would have been attending in any case.

"Questions of ritual are questions of what is proper in the worship of Almighty God.

"There is a great shortage of ordained men, but the theological colleges are full and there is hope that the serious shortage may be substantially diminished."

Down On The Farm

Although I have lived in the country all my life the expressions used by farmers when moving various species of livestock have always puzzled me.

When a herd of cows is being driven the acknowledged phrase appears to be "Hulp, hulp, hulp," pigs are urged on with shouts of "Oogs, oogs, oogs," and sheep with a chorus of "Yo, yo, yo."

Apparently these have existed for generations, and to use them for the wrong animals would be unthinkable. But what, I wonder, are their origins?—F. W. WILLIAMS, Halberton, Tiverton, Devon.

Light On Bulbs

In my scullery is a 25-watt light bulb which has given over ten years' service.

On making inquiries I found that bulbs of 25 watts and under are vacuum bulbs, while those above this figure are gas-filled.

If the filament lasts longer in a vacuum why can't the manufacturers make all bulbs on this principle? Don't they want their bulbs to last too long?—W. NIMMONS, Hazelfield Street, Belfast.

"Vacuum lamps are practicable only in low wattage levels," says the British Lighting Council.

"Bulbs of larger sizes are filled with argon and nitrogen to provide a pressure which slows down the evaporation of the filament, which can then be made hotter (and to give more light) without reducing its life.

"The intended average life of all domestic bulbs nowadays is one thousand hours of burning. Ten years ago manufacturers were not able to control this so well and there was a greater divergence in the actual lives of bulbs."

Childish Pleasures

How inconsistent can our schools be? While St. Patrick's Secondary School, Belfast, has a special smoking room for older boys ("Free Speech," May 23), most other schools have been trying leaflets, lectures and posters to emphasize medical views on smoking.

The Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health said in Parliament last month that they had "reached a point where they had to consider seriously what further steps would be appropriate to bring home the risk."—W. SULLIVAN, B.A., Belmont Road, Westgate-on-Sea, Kent.

. . . So schoolboys are now provided with special rooms in which to

smoke. Perhaps a cocktail bar with a pretty blonde barmaid will be the next addition to school amenities. . . .

I do not begrudge the modern child his simple pleasures of wine, women and cigarettes, but let us raise the school-leaving age to sixty so that we older lads can enjoy what we missed in our school days.—M. BRUCE, Darlington, Co. Durham.

On The Beach

Walking along the beach late at night with my two brothers I noticed something sparkling in the water. On closer inspection we found that it was hundreds of little objects.

We scooped up one of these and found it had a phosphorescent glow and shone green in the dark.

After a while it disappeared altogether. We are wondering what it was we saw. It certainly made the beach very eerie.—MISS ANN BROWN, Walthamstow.

"This was probably one of the plankton family," says a marine biologist. "Very likely Noctiluca, which is a single-cell creature which is neither animal nor plant, and is like a microscopic tomato in shape.

"It shares with many sea animals the quality of luminescence, giving off a very cold light when agitated.

"This light can be caused either by the presence of bacteria, or by, a chemical reaction on the surface of the creature itself."

You can't go wrong

IN the small hours of a summer morning, a motor-coach pulled up at the top of the avenue des Spélugues, in Monte Carlo, and two passengers stepped out. One of them was a fair-haired girl of eighteen called Sylvia, and the other was her brother Julian, who was a year younger. They had come to spend a fortnight's holiday with their elder sister, Nancy, who had recently married a Frenchman called Jacques.

As the motor-coach drove off towards Italy, Sylvia and Julian, holding heavy suitcases in their hands, stood looking about them. Nearby, overlooking palm-lined gardens from which breathed a perfume of flowers, was a building elaborate with domes and curlicues, all lighted up. On the steps stood a bored gendarme. Nobody else was about.

"That building must be the casino," Julian said. "I don't see any taxis, darn it. I'll go and ask that gendarme if it's far to Nancy's. You stay here with the suitcases, Syl."

Staying with the suitcases was a thing which Sylvia had often to do when travelling with her young brother Julian, for he was the better linguist. In fact, he was regarded by his dazzled parents as altogether brilliant, for he recently had won a scholarship to an ancient university. As their father often said: "You and Nancy have the looks in the family, Sylvia. You mustn't grudge Julian the brains."

Sylvia stood watching her young brother confer with the gendarme, then come doubling back across the street. Julian was a lanky youth, careless about his dress, with a lock of red hair that fell forward over his forehead. Like Sylvia's, his eyes were grey-green; but, unlike Sylvia's, his were said to be clever.

"It's all right," said Julian. "The gendarme says the Villa Jasmin's not far. He says we can make a short cut, up the steps to the right here, then Nancy's place is just up the hill."

THEY started up the steps, which were dark, enclosed between silent houses. The steps led to a street, across which was another lot of steps. They climbed the second lot, came to another street. Across it, a third lot of steps led upward. Sylvia changed her suitcase over to her other hand. The night was hot and dark.

"Are you sure this is a short cut?" she panted.

"Just keep to the steps, the gendarme said," replied her brother.

They toiled on up. The steps grew narrower. They grew steeper. Rose briars and cactus clumps hung darkly over the white walls to either side. Sylvia stumbled along in a trance. She wondered whether this was really happening or whether the truth was that she was asleep in the motor-coach, having a nightmare.

It was the chiming of a clock that brought her to herself. She stopped abruptly.

"Listen!" she said. She counted aloud the solemn chimes. "Two—three—*four*. . . ." The chimes died away. "Four o'clock!" she said in horror. She looked about her. They seemed to be in some kind of hillside avenue lined with palm trees. She put down her suitcase and sat on it before her legs gave way. "Julian, this is frightful," she said. "What an hour to knock Nancy up! Do you know where we are?"

JULIAN made no answer. Peering, she made out his lanky form dimly. He seemed to be alternately craning and crouching, his nose about an inch from one of the trees.

"What are you doing?" she said irritably. "What are you bobbing up and down for?"

"The gendarme said we'd come to a tree with a notice board on it, giving the names of four villas," Julian explained. "This is the tree. Ah, I've got it! 'Villa Jasmin—*quatrième à gauche*.' Fourth house on the left, up this side turning. Come on, Syl—nearly there. They're probably sitting up for us, half-demented with worry," he added cheerfully.

But when they reached the fourth gateway on the left of the side turning and made their way along a drive of crushed seashell the house loomed up before them, black, silent, submerged in sleep.

They were standing there, staring at the house, when Sylvia heard the smooth hum of an approaching car. Next second the white blaze of headlights swivelled round into the drive. A long, grey saloon came sliding past.

Sylvia and Julian stayed in the shadows. For sitting in the saloon, which had its interior light on, were two hatless men, one in a white dinner-jacket, one in a black dinner-jacket. Both were smoking cigars. Sylvia felt instantly that neither man was the kind her sister Nancy would have been likely to marry, except under chloroform, and an awful thought burst upon her—namely, that her clever brother Julian *had brought her to the wrong house*.

"Well, here we are, Doc," said the man in the white dinner-jacket. His voice sounded unnaturally loud in the night, as he dimmed the headlights of the saloon. He had a hatchet face, crinkly grey hair and a red rose in his lapel. "Home again!"

The man in the black dinner-jacket grunted comfortably. He looked to be short, with a mane of white hair, a lumpy brow and pebble spectacles.

"A pleasant evening, Christopher," he said. "A good little eve-of-campaign celebration. Two solid years of work and experiment, and at last we're ready. High time, boy, high time!"

"A few days now, for the killing," said the man in the white dinner-jacket, "and it'll be all over! Monte Carlo? Finish! Bung!"

At that moment Julian started to move forward. Instinctively Sylvia buried her fingers in his arm and pulled him back to her side.

The two men were getting out of the car. The light blacked out and Sylvia heard the crunch of footsteps receding on the seashell of the drive.

"This isn't Nancy's place," she whispered to her brother. "It can't be. Those men! Did you *hear* them? They were talking about—killing! Come on, let's get out of here!"

Handling their suitcases cautiously, they moved back towards the gate. All was still, with the uncanny stillness that presaged daybreak. Looking back, Sylvia saw that lights had been switched on in the house.

"Listen!" said Julian softly.

Sylvia held her breath. At first she could hear only the thumping of her own heart, but gradually she became aware of a kind of muted humming note from the house. She and Julian peered at each other.

"Stay here," he said suddenly, and put down his suitcase.

"Come back!" said Sylvia, in panic.

HE was gone. Once more Sylvia was left with the suitcases. She could not have moved to save her life. At intervals the muted humming rose to a kind of faint, thin whine. It seemed to make her hair rise on her head.

Suddenly, a shadow loomed up before her. She almost fainted. But it was only Julian. He grabbed up his suitcase, gripped her arm, hurried her with crunching steps along the drive. Not until they were out on the side street did he pause. He looked back at the gateway.

"Amazing!" he said. He was intensely excited. "Syl, we're on to something! Something terrific! It probably had to come, of course. Modern technology. New mathematical ideas. Cybernetics." He spoke in wonder. "It had to come, even to Monte Carlo. Two years of work they've put in, didn't they say? All of that, for sure—building that thing!"

"What thing?" gasped Sylvia. "What have they got in there?"

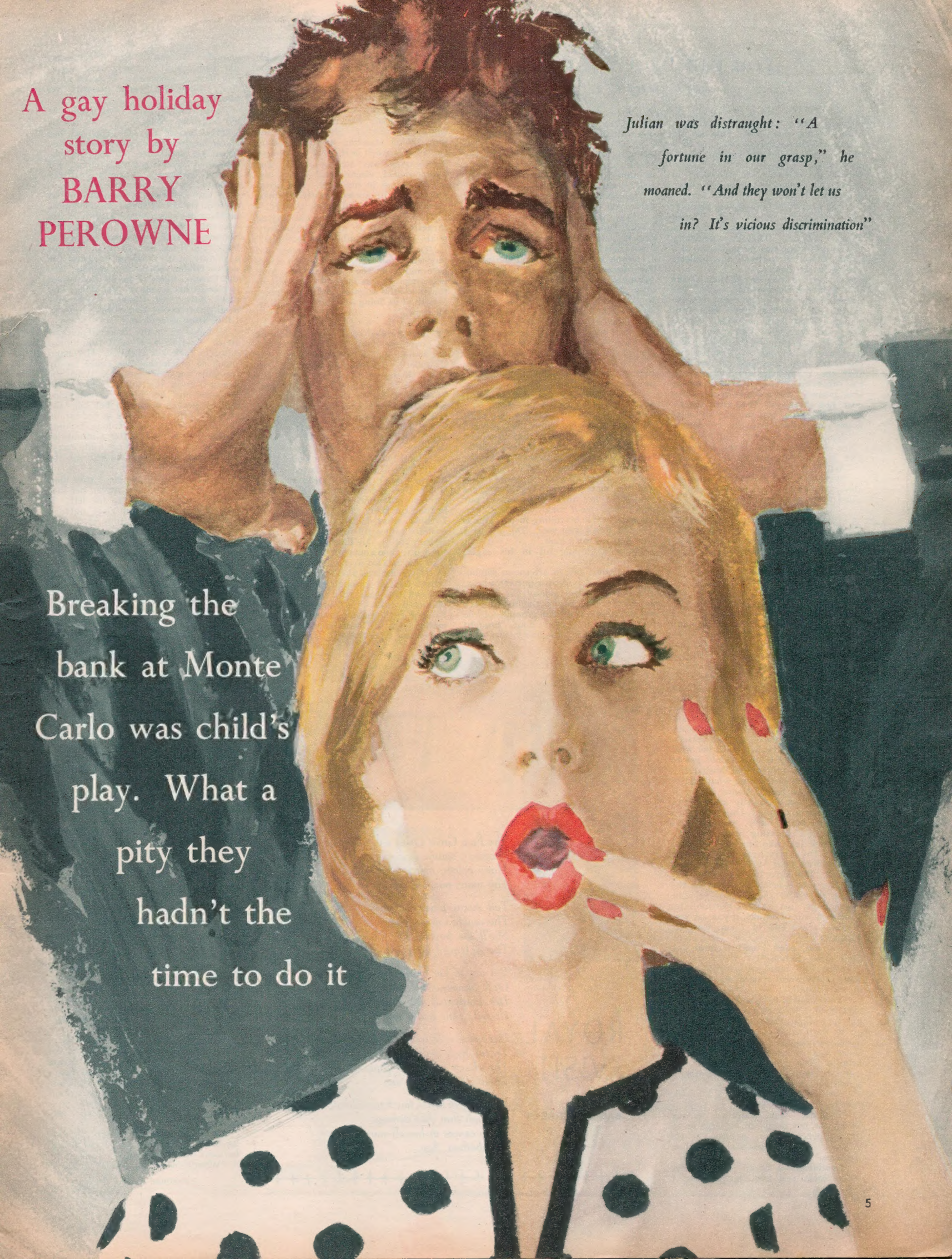
"I peeked through the window," Julian said, marvelling. "I saw it with my own eyes. They'd started it off, just to stand there admiring it. A

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

A gay holiday story by BARRY PEROWNE

Breaking the bank at Monte Carlo was child's play. What a pity they hadn't the time to do it

Julian was distraught: "A fortune in our grasp," he moaned. "And they won't let us in? It's vicious discrimination"



You can't go wrong

continued from page 4

killing? Bet your life they'll make a killing. They can't fail. That fat old bloke with the pebble glasses must be a darned good mathematician and physicist. The villa's just one big box of tricks. Know what they've built in there? A whacking great electronic computer."

"But what for?" said Sylvia blankly.

"What for?" Julian said. "Good heavens, isn't it obvious? This is Monte Carlo. They've evidently figured out some way to make use of a giant computer to buck the roulette wheels in the Casino."

They turned and looked back at the villa from which they had come. The name on the gate pillar could now be read in the growing light: Villa Taggourt. What had happened, Sylvia saw, was that they had counted up correctly enough, in the dark, four gateways to the left of this tranquil cul-de-sac, but they had not realized that the Villa Taggourt, larger than the other villas and with more extensive grounds, had a semi-circular drive with *two* gateways. Thus their sister's house, the Villa Jasmin, was the next house along, the last in the cul-de-sac.

"Now, listen, Syl," Julian said. "Not one word about all this to Nancy and Jacques, understand?"

"Why not?" Sylvia demanded.

"Because I've got an idea," said her clever brother. "Remember—not a word."

As they walked up the path to their sister's home, Nancy's head popped suddenly into view at an upper window. Her hair was as fair as Sylvia's and her eyes were as green, though, of course, she was getting on a bit—twenty-four.

"*There* you are," she cried, and vanished from the window.

Sylvia was so done up that she could barely totter through the greetings and fall into bed, and it wasn't until hours later, when she went downstairs to find the others at lunch on the vine-shaded terrace, that she really got a good look at her brother-in-law, Jacques. As usual, she saw, Nancy had struck lucky. Jacques was an attractive man of thirty, with wiry dark hair, grey eyes and a hard-bitten but pleasant face. What work he did, if any, Nancy never had mentioned in her letters. Sylvia doubted whether, with her kind of luck, she herself ever would get to marry such a presentable husband.

"Julian was just asking what sort of neighbours we had," Nancy said. "I was telling him we hardly know them. Queer-looking couple. One of them's called Dr. Mark Early. He looks as though he's bursting with brains—you'll look just like him, Julian, later in life. Dr. Early lives with a friend called Christopher Hiff. They're both English. Hiff looks like a gambler, but Jacques, who's often seen him in the public rooms at the Casino, says he never plays, just watches the roulette. They're a pair of cranks, if you ask me. Monte Carlo's full of them, isn't it, Jacques?"

"*Ah, oui, alors,*" said Jacques. "A little salad, Sylvia?"

Julian said indulgently: "I expect some pretty weird systems are tried out in the Casino?"

"You wouldn't believe it," Nancy exclaimed. "Jacques has told me about one very elegant little man who used to go to the Casino every day with two clerks carrying enormous ledgers. Then there was another one who used to bring a little adding-machine."

Sylvia met Julian's eyes fleetingly across the table.

"Are mechanical aids allowed, Jacques?" Julian asked.

"Certainly," said Jacques, "so long as they're not noisy, or so large as to inconvenience other patrons." He laughed. "The Casino's not afraid of 'systems.'"

"Gambling's a bore," said Nancy. "Now look, you two, Jacques and I have a tea date this afternoon that we can't break, so you must come along."

Julian excused himself, on the grounds of exhaustion due to the journey; and he gave Sylvia such a meaning look that she excused herself, too, on the same pretext.

The moment Nancy and Jacques had driven off Julian's lassitude vanished.

"Now, then, Syl," he said "—staff work. Those two birds next door spoke of being on the eve of making their bid. They may go to work any minute. I've been keeping an eye on the place. They haven't gone out yet, but they've got a car and we haven't, and we can't afford to miss a move. I'm going down to the town, now, and sit at a table outside that café across from the Casino and watch for them to show up. You stay here and keep an eye on next door. You'll find there's a gap in the shrubbery there that you can see through. If their car goes out, then you'll come haring down those steps and join me and see the fun."

"What kind of fun will it be?" Sylvia asked, rather dubiously.

"Why, here's my idea," Julian said. "I don't know yet how they propose to work things, but with that enormous computer they expect to make a killing. Now, you and I have twenty quid each, in traveller's cheques. We've only to lay out our money on the same tables and the same numbers as these types next door lay theirs on and, in our small way, *we'll* make a killing, too. Ye gods, we'll be rolling in it. This is Science, don't you see? Do just as I say, and we can't miss."

He went loping off in his eager, intelligent way.

The garden lay in afternoon somnolence, sheened over by a quiver of heat. Butterflies danced among the flowers. It wasn't long before the sound of a car starting up in the grounds of the Villa Taggourt, next door, brought Sylvia from her deckchair. She went to the shrubbery, an exuberant tangle eight feet high, which divided the grounds of the two houses. She found the place where Julian had said it was possible to see through. Sure enough, she could see the drive next door.

She eased her way into the scented, sun-flecked thicket. She could see the grey saloon standing on the dazzling spread of seashell in front of the garage. The engine was ticking over. The hatchet-faced, elegant Hiff was at the wheel, a rose in his lapel. The squat Dr. Early, in ancient white flannels, glasses flashing, stood beside the car.

"Now, remember," he was saying earnestly, "this is just a preliminary trial—just in the public rooms, huh?"

"Doc," said Hiff, "you venal old physicist, you work your box of tricks here and leave the tables to me. Stop worrying. It was fate that brought us together—the scientist and the gambler—both of us doing a carpet. So we'll be all right."

The car rolled off, its tyres crackling over the seashells. Under cover of the sound, Sylvia backed out from the shrubbery. She waited, listening, her heart thumping, until she heard the sound of the car fade in the distance. Then she made for the steps. She was breathless by the time she got down, at last, to the avenue des Spélugues.

She saw Julian sitting at a table before the Café de Paris. He came to meet her. He was intensely excited.

"Thank heavens you've come," he said. "Now, listen. Hiff's here. There's his car. He's in the Casino, now. I think I've got the strength of this. They've got some walkie-talkie gadget in their car there. I saw Hiff testing it. I think what he'll do is watch the roulette tables till one begins to 'run,' as they call it. He'll note the sequences for a bit, then come out to his car, and read 'em to Doc over the walkie-talkie. Doc'll formulate the data in binary terms, feed it through the computer, and call Hiff back with the computer's predictions on the subsequent behaviour of the table. Roulette's simply maths. Any mathematician could beat the wheel, if he could calculate fast enough. He can't. But a computer like Doc's built certainly can. There you have it. Science! It can't miss. Now, then—got your passport on you?"

"Yes," Sylvia said, bewildered, "in my bag here. Why?"

"The waiter there," explained her clever brother, "says you have to show it, to get your *carte du jour* for the Casino. I haven't got mine on me. I'll have to dash back up the steps to the villa to get it. Meantime, you cash your traveller's cheques at the tourist office on the corner there. I cashed mine in Marseilles yesterday. Here you are—twenty quid's worth of francs, almost. If Hiff comes out before I'm back, you'll see him sit in the car for a minute or two. He'll be using the walkie-talkie. When he goes back into the Casino, follow him in. Wherever he places his *jetons* on the table, you place ours. All right? Keep your head. Stay cool. You can't go wrong. I'll be back as soon as I can."

He loped off up the thousand and one steps. Sylvia went into the tourist office to cash her cheques. Her hand shook so much that she could hardly recognize her own signature. When she emerged from the tourist office, with her own and her brother's combined holiday pocket money in her bag, she saw that Hiff was sitting in his car, in the shade of the palm fronds, holding his hand to his ear. After a minute or two, he got out of the car and, carrying a flat brief-case, walked up the steps into the Casino.

Sylvia walked up the steps after him. Gendarmes saluted her, waved her into a lofty, pillared room to the left. It was dim after the sun-glare outside. She found herself in front of a desk at which sat three men. She swallowed with a dry throat.

"*Une carte du jour,*" she said, "*s'il vous plait.*"

"Passport, please," said the middle of the three men. He took it, studied it, handed it back to her with a sympathetic smile. "Eighteen?" he said. "*Pardon.* The age of admission is twenty-one."

She walked out. She never had felt so foolish in her life. Her cheeks were still burning as she sat down at a table before the Café de Paris to watch for Julian. When she spotted him, dishevelled from his headlong race up and down the steps, and called his name, he came striding across to her.

"What are you footling about here for?" he demanded. "Why aren't you inside? Funked it, eh? I might have known. Here, give me the money—I see it's useless to rely on anyone but myself. Sisters!"

He seized her bag, took the thick wad of notes from it, thrust the money into his pocket. She gripped his arm before he could dash off.

"It's no good, Julian," she said. "They won't let you in. I've tried. The age of admission is twenty-one."

He stared at her distraught. He seemed unable to rally from the blow.

Julian moaned: "A fortune in our grasp, and they won't let us in?" He was embittered by the injustice of it. "Always the same story," he said. "Youth penalized. Vicious discrimination."

He went on and on about it, only desisting when they saw Hiff appear at the head of the Casino steps. His brief-case was no longer so flat as it had been. And his manner, as he sat for a moment in his car to light a cigar before driving off, was one of unmistakable satisfaction.

"There he goes," said Julian bitterly. "Loaded with money! And that's just a trial run. This town doesn't dream yet what's coming to it. And here's you and me, with the chance of a lifetime in our hands, and we're barred out by unfair discrimination—red tape. Dammit, there *must* be some way around this!"

All that evening, all next morning, he was sunk in thought. After lunch, he went off by himself.

"What's worrying him?" Nancy

continued on page 34

ROYAL VISIT

MABEL FERRETT

The Five Great Lakes will welcome her,
Niagara's spume and roar,
Many voices, many tongues,
The many-peopled shore;

Tall Arctic pines will welcome her,
The maple's green and gold;
She'll see beyond her flashing train
The unfenced corn unfold.

But not to her Canadian folk
Or Commonwealth alone
Her words will go. The radio bands
Encircle zone and zone.

Her voice will sound through India
To the high walls of Tibet;
The cherry islands of Japan
Know the television set.

God's speed to her, much travelling Queen
Through that vast acreage,
Who carries in herself our new
Elizabethan Age.

Silvers as Bilko—always ready for a cheerful spot of double-dealing . . . Silvers as Silvers—the happy family man who earns almost £2000 a week

They've posted Sgt. Bilko to Britain

by EDWARD WILSON

Phil Silvers, swindler first class in his own private army, uses all the fiddles to hit the TV jackpot

ONE morning in 1955 a reedy-voiced American comedian named Phil Silvers, then comparatively unknown in Britain, stepped out of the foyer of a London hotel into a group of youngsters seeking autographs. Eyeing him uncertainly, some pushed their pens and books at him. Silvers, flattered, began to sign his name.

Seconds later Sir Laurence Olivier appeared in the hotel doorway. There was a yell and a rush. A book and pen were snatched from Silvers's grasp, and he was alone on the pavement.

Now, four years later, as Silvers makes his second visit to Britain, he can expect a different reception. In the last two years, millions of B.B.C. television viewers have come to know him as the brash, larcenous U.S. Army sergeant, Ernie Bilko, in the comedy series *You'll Never Get Rich*.

His bald head, owl eyes and thick-rimmed spectacles are almost as well known in this country as they are in America.

Silvers planned originally to bring to Europe the cast, technicians and script writers of his show to film episodes over here, but this scheme was abandoned two months ago when he revealed that he might not play the Bilko rôle again. After four and a half years of filming the army series week after week, Silvers says that he feels like a change.

But American television network officials, mindful of Bilko's huge audiences in Britain, Canada, the U.S.A., Australia and Mexico, have other ideas. They say that after a summer vacation Silvers will "keep his army stripes for at least another year or two."

The Columbia Broadcasting System has a ten-year contract with Silvers under which it pays him a total of 2,500,000 dollars, or about £1,800 a week. Whether or not Silvers agrees to play Bilko again, unshown films will keep the series running in Britain for many months to come.

Three factors have brought the Bilko show its consistently high viewer ratings: its all-round professionalism, the universal appeal of its humour which for ever lampoons authority, and the skill of its forty-seven year old star, a master of the fine art of clowning.

The series is a most polished example of farce. Bilko's attraction is that he is close enough to life to be believable. The viewer feels that there could well be such a master sergeant in the U.S. Army.

The smooth, racy style of the show results from the most intensive rehearsal schedules. It is not uncommon for a scene to be rehearsed and filmed twenty-five times before Silvers and his producers are satisfied.

Silvers himself regularly rewrites sections of the scripts. Nobody ever questions the changes that he makes, for he has a reputation for turning flops into hits. Single-handed, he pumped so much life and gaiety into a mediocre musical called *High Button Shoes* that it ran for more than two years on Broadway.

Another faltering Broadway show, *Top Banana*, had a long run after Silvers, as the star, revised the script. Billy Friedberg, senior writer for the Bilko show, says: "Whatever Phil does to the script it seems to sound funnier."

"Silvers can't make a telephone call, order a sandwich or ask for a shave," wrote one critic, "without suggesting a parody on the haste, noise and flimflam of our entire business-hotel civilization. His timing is unexcelled."

Burlesque graduate

Silvers learned his acute sense of timing in the rough, tough world of vaudeville and burlesque. "In burlesque houses the men would pay to see the girls strip," he says. "They weren't interested in the comedians, but we had to keep our jobs so we had to learn the surest ways to make them sit up and take notice of us, too. Every joke, every sketch was polished and polished until it was perfect."

At Silvers's suggestion, burlesque comedy "bits," as they are called, are frequently dropped into the Bilko show to enliven slow-moving scenes. When, for instance, Bilko was annoyed at an official camp order, he ripped the paper and tossed the pieces into the air.

"What did it say, Sarge?" asked a private.

Bilko replied, waving at the floor: "Read it."

Silvers says: "We used to call this the 'telegram bit.' All the oldtimers

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HYPNOTISM...

Its list of cures is growing. Hypnotists can uncover hidden fears, help doctors—and

THE young woman had almost given up. For the last twelve years she had been hag-ridden by hay fever and asthma. All through the months of May, June and July, a blocked nose, streaming eyes and violent sneezing turned her into a chronic invalid. Nights spent in a chair, panting for breath, left her exhausted and completely unable to do the housework or look after her four-year-old son.

She had tried many kinds of pills. When she went to an allergy clinic, tests showed that she was sensitive to the pollens of grasses, trees and spring flowers. But when she was given routine treatment it had little effect. As a last resort, her doctor suggested hypnotism.

At the West London Hospital a tall, handsome young doctor named Albert Mason put her into a deep trance. It was a week before the time her attacks usually started. "You will not have asthma or hay fever this year," Mason told her. "Your eyes will not run, your nose will not be blocked and you will not have attacks of sneezing."

He repeated these suggestions monotonously, over and over again.

Between April 29 and July 8, the woman came to him for half an hour each week and, for the first time in twelve years, was completely free of hay fever and asthma. Mason was not surprised; hypnotism has often helped in cases of allergy. What made this case exceptional was an additional experiment which was made.

Just before her final treatment, a quantity of blood was drawn off and some of the serum injected into a volunteer. Tests had shown that he was previously unaffected by the pollens which had prostrated the young woman. Soon after the injection they applied a cocktail of these pollens to his arm and immediately a huge weal appeared. It lasted for twenty-four hours.

This experiment confirmed that the woman's allergy—like all allergies—had both physical and psychological causes. Hypnotism got rid of the symptoms because it removed the psychological factor. Yet the physical cause remained. The experiment showed once again that hypnotism has no power over something that is purely physical.

For centuries, doctors have regarded hypnotism as quackery or black magic. Now it has suddenly become respectable. Women have babies under hypnotism. Hypnotized patients undergo major operations without anaesthetics. The Australian swimming team and the Brazilian soccer team use hypnotism to help them win matches.

Expecting too much

Many people have come to expect far too much of hypnotism A man wanted a hypnotist to help him to win the pools. Another, tired of shaving, wanted his beard to stop growing. A woman even wanted her bust developed.

Hypnotism can help none of these people. Just what *are* the limits of its powers?

As the Mason experiment showed, a hypnotist can make no physical change in the body. He cannot mend a broken arm, cure influenza or stop hardening of the arteries.

But he can often get rid of hay fever, asthma, eczema and other allergies because their causes are partly psychological. He may be able to help in cases of colitis, gastro-enteritis, duodenal ulcer, stammering and bed-wetting, which are often caused or aggravated by psychological difficulties. Hypnotism, like other forms of suggestion, is highly effective against warts.

One housewife of thirty thought she had a serious heart disease. Violent trembling and palpitations convinced her that she was likely to drop dead at any moment and she rarely went out for fear of collapsing in the street.

Ordinary doctors could find nothing wrong with her heart and concluded that her difficulties lay solely in her own mind. They sent her to a hypnotist.

In a series of trances, he suggested to her that there was nothing physically wrong and that her symptoms would disappear. She improved from the first treatment, and after four had no more difficulties. "I've given up thinking about it," she said.

In the same way, hypnotists can often cure cases of dumbness and paralysis when they are caused by hysteria and anxiety. But if the nerves or brain are damaged, they can do nothing. Henry Blythe, a Torquay hypnotist, once noticed a patient stumble badly as she walked up the path to his consulting room. "What did your doctor say was wrong with you?" he asked. She named a serious nervous disease which so far as is known has a purely physical cause. "I'm sorry," he had to say, "but I can't help you."

Another time he had to refuse treatment to an old woman whose hand trembled so violently that she was unable to hold a cup of tea. She had Parkinson's disease, a purely physical ailment.

Some psychologists, including Freud, have criticized hypnotism on the ground that in many cases it merely removes symptoms without getting at the cause which lies deep in the unconscious mind. As the alternative is an extremely expensive course of psychoanalysis, many psychologists are now willing to accept hypnotism as a useful short cut.

In any case, hypnotists can often uncover these unconscious conflicts. Thomas Warne-Beresford, a London hypnotist, had a woman patient who was terrified of small birds. Her fear was so great that she could not bring herself to walk down a street in which there were sparrows and often she had to make detours of several blocks.

Scared by sparrow

The woman had no idea of the cause of her fear but, under hypnosis, she was able to recall her childhood. When she was about eighteen months old she had been sitting in a high chair by the open door, watching for her mother who had gone outside. Suddenly, a sparrow swooped through the doorway and frightened her so badly that she started screaming.

At that moment, her mother came in and, not seeing the bird—which had flown out again—assumed that her daughter was having a tantrum and smacked her soundly.

Fear drove the memory of the incident right out of the girl's conscious mind, but the conflict remained in her unconscious. It came out in her irrational fear of small birds.

By calming her fear and explaining its origin, Warne-Beresford was able to cure her completely.

But hypnotism is not always successful, even when it uncovers a deep-rooted cause. Sometimes the conflict revealed is by its very nature irreconcilable.

Blythe had a young woman patient suffering from psoriasis, a skin disease which has psychological causes. It had appeared when her mother and father

Henry Blythe uses hypnotism to try to cure Anne Coggle of a skin complaint

"Go to sleep," says Blythe encouragingly. "Go to sleep, go to sleep. Deeper and deeper and deeper"

Anne relaxes. "Your body is leaden and heavy," says Blythe, "and you are sinking down into the chair . . ."

how far can it go?

even stop you smoking. But they can't work miracles

by KEITH ELLIS

left each other. "She was attracted equally by each parent," says Blythe, "and was completely divided in herself. I had discovered the cause of the trouble, but there was nothing I could do to help her."

By making suggestions to people in a trance, hypnotists can cure habits such as smoking. They can help women to slim both by turning them against fattening foods and by bolstering their self-confidence and will-power. They can even make a girl fall out of love.

But they can do these things only if the patient wants them to. They can stop a man smoking if the habit disgusts him or if a doctor has told him his life depends on it. But if he positively enjoys smoking and wants to stop only because he is mildly worried about the money it is costing him, the hypnotist can do nothing.

Warne-Beresford once had a woman patient who had fallen in love with a coloured man. Her parents were against the match and persuaded her to have treatment to remove her affection. "After three treatments I found that she didn't really want her love removed. So I told her there was nothing I could do."

This inner resistance to suggestions which run against a patient's deeper feelings is a guarantee that under hypnotism he cannot be persuaded to do anything that he would normally consider distasteful or immoral.

If asked to do so, the patient will cheerfully throw the hypnotist's watch out of the window—but he will not throw his own. Unless he already has tendencies in that direction, he will not —as a result of a single hypnosis—commit suicide or murder.

If the hypnotist tells him his own worst enemy is present, hands him a paper sword and tells him to stab that enemy, he will do so viciously. But if the hypnotist gives him a knife of steel, he will shy away.

Warne-Beresford wanted to demonstrate this point to a class of pupils to whom he was teaching hypnotism. After warning her that he would try something of the kind, he asked one of the girls to take off her stockings in front of the men. The conflict between the suggestion and her moral code obviously distressed her and she refused. He then told her to forget that he had ever made the request.

Unfortunately the conflict continued even after she had been brought out of the trance, and for the next two days the girl was off work with a nervous headache. At the end of that time she burst into his office and, without saying a word, stripped off her stockings. "I'd failed to erase the suggestion properly," says Warne-Beresford. "But as soon as she'd taken off her stockings in front of me she lost all desire to do it again."

Gives confidence

Hypnotists can easily give confidence to people who are nervous about such things as public speaking, examinations and even their daily work. They do so by making suggestions while the patient is on the borderline between consciousness and a hypnotic trance.

A singer who was so nervous that she often failed to hit her top notes had this kind of treatment and now reaches them without difficulty. A violinist who was once unable to play solo had treatment and now conducts his own highly successful dance band.

The method can even be applied to sport. Edgware Town amateur football team were bottom of their league, largely because a handful of players were off form. Joshua Sparrow, a Hendon hypnotist, gave them a treatment, and in their very next game Edgware drew with Maidstone after being four goals down at half-time.

After further treatments, they finished the season only one point behind the leaders.

Sparrow thinks that the whole standard of sport could be raised considerably by regular hypnosis of players. "All a sportsman's skill and ability," he says, "become instantly available when he's free of conscious doubts and worries."

But no hypnotist can give strength of skill that isn't there to begin with. Blythe, who has successfully treated many cases of driving-test nerves, had one man come back for further treatment after failing. "What went wrong?" he asked.

"I had to stop at some traffic lights," said the man, "and when I started again, the car jumped backwards. I'd engaged reverse gear instead of forward."

"I told him that I couldn't help him any more," says Blythe. "What he needed was driving lessons."

Surprisingly, a hypnotist does not need to be present to put a patient into a trance. With a suitable subject, he can do it over the phone or by gramophone record.

Recently, Blythe had his records for curing smoking played to eighteen people who wanted to give up. In front of them he placed a five feet by four photograph of himself. After three quarter-hour sessions, seven were cured completely, five were able to cut down and six were unaffected. He has already sold more than five hundred records.

Nobody knows exactly what hypnotism is. It has at various times been attributed to hysteria, the influence of the planets and paralysis of the eyeballs. Modern scientists are content to describe it as a sleep-like state in which the subject is extremely susceptible to the suggestions of the hypnotist.

Only a tiny proportion of patients cannot be hypnotized and as many as one in five can be put into a sufficiently deep trance to undergo a major operation without feeling pain. One in two can be made immune to less severe pain such as that of having a tooth filled or a broken bone set.

A bright future

Because of past prejudice, little serious research has been done on hypnotism and cures are still uncertain. Of two seemingly identical cases, one might be treated successfully and the other be a total failure. Out of two hundred cases of chronic skin diseases of the type that can be treated with hypnotism, Dr. Mason had only a hundred complete successes.

But hypnotism has a bright future. Many doctors now think that a wide variety of apparently physical diseases —including cancer—have a psychological factor. Some of them may well prove amenable to hypnotic treatment.

Meanwhile, both doctors and lay hypnotists agree that the most serious consequences can arise from unskilled treatment. Even experts occasionally slip up.

One doctor attempted to cure an alcoholic whose addiction to beer had wrecked his life. In a series of trances, the doctor succeeded in persuading him that beer had a loathsome taste.

The man went away apparently cured. The sight of a glass of beer made him feel sick. Instead, he turned to whisky and was soon in a worse state than ever. THE END

Sleeping deeply now, Anne hears Blythe intone: "Your arm is becoming quite clear and free of blemish . . ."

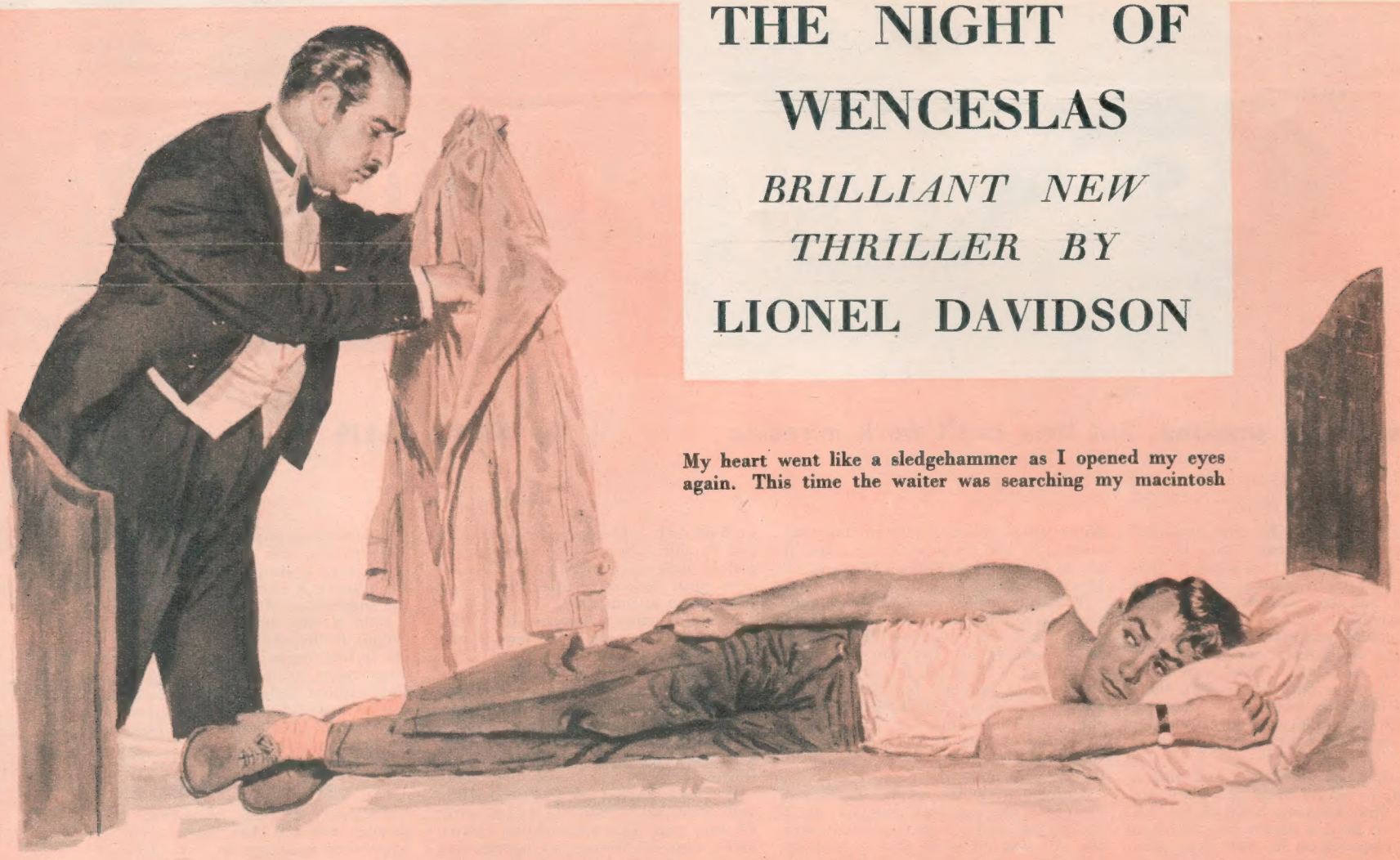
Anne, smiling now, is seen by Henry Blythe after treatment. Her arms, once disfigured by psoriasis, are healing

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

THE NIGHT OF WENCESLAS

BRILLIANT NEW THRILLER BY

LIONEL DAVIDSON



My heart went like a sledgehammer as I opened my eyes again. This time the waiter was searching my macintosh

VLASTA MAKES A PROMISE

I was in a strange city on a secret about this girl scared

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

PART TWO

IT was Cunliffe, cunning little Cunliffe, who tricked me into the thing. "It is the simplest job in the world," he told me. "It is all a matter of finding someone with a legitimate reason for visiting glass factories—someone the Czechoslovak authorities would not suspect. . . ."

From his point of view, I suppose I was a good choice. My name is Nicolas Whistler. I speak fluent Czech and my father's business—a dying concern now it is in the hands of Karel Nimek, the Little Swine—had been connected with the sale of Bohemian glass.

Somehow Cunliffe learned all this—and more. He learned of the expectations I had from my Uncle Bela, who was in Canada. Posing as a lawyer, Cunliffe told me Bela had died and I was the sole beneficiary. He even advanced me £200.

I had spent the money and thrown up my job with the Little Swine before I found that there was no legacy! Bela was still alive and I was hopelessly in debt to Cunliffe—a professional moneylender. It was then that Cunliffe told me I had to go to Prague. He was acting, he said, for another expatriate Czech named Pavelka.

At Pavelka's old factory—now owned by the state and known as the Zapotocky Works—a new, unbreakable glass had been invented. I was to bring back the formula. The idea appalled me but Cunliffe made all the arrangements for my visit and provided me with a guide book—a Norstrund. The plan was for me to "forget" this book and leave it on the manager's desk at the factory. When I got it back the formula would be hidden under the flyleaf. It was a simple plan. There was nothing, Cunliffe assured me, to go wrong. . . .

But then my girl, Maura, turned up to see me off. At the last moment she gave me a quick kiss and handed me a present wrapped in brown paper. "Something to read. Maybe it will keep you out of trouble," she said with a feeble smile. I opened it on the airport bus. It was a brand-new Norstrund.

The trip had started with complications, and I stuffed Maura's gift into my raincoat pocket and glanced at the bulge every few minutes. By the time we touched down at Prague my stomach was full of butterflies.

WHEN you have left a town at the age of six and return eighteen years later, there is a certain quality of enchantment. The streets, the monuments, the church spires, set up a whispering in the mind. You know, with dream-like certainty, what is coming round the next corner, and the sensation of finding you are right is poignant.

All this was totally unexpected, and despite the terror in which I had stepped out of the aircraft and negotiated Passport Control and Customs. I arrived at my hotel, the Slovenska, in a mood of swollen, if highly unstable, elation.

The Hotel Slovenska stands three-quarters of the way up the Vaclavske Namesti—Wenceslas Square. This thoroughfare, despite its name, is not a square but a broad avenue. At one end is a large grey Victorian museum standing in its own gardens. At the other end, crossing it like the top bar of a T, run the town's main business streets, the Narodne Trida to the left, the Prikopy to the right.

I went inside. At the reception desk a woman was engaged in some intense calculation over a ledger.

She looked up sharply. "Pan Whistler, Nicolas?"

"That's it."

"There is a letter for you. Your room is quite ready. One-forty," she said in Czech to the porter.

I took the letter and followed the porter into the lift. He was a bent little ancient with an immense Adam's apple. "The *pane* has been to Praha before?" he asked in Czech.

"Not for a long time."

"Many changes," he said, and hawked politely behind his hand.

My room was a handsome apartment. It was tricked out in green and gold. Double french windows stood open to a broad balcony.

I sat down and opened the envelope. There was a booklet and a two-page letter. The letter, signed *L. V. Svoboda, general manager, State Glass Board*, read:

Dear Pan Whistler, It is a privilege

mission and something

me . . . but I had to see her again

Vlasta hadn't seen me come in. I realized that she had done something to her hair—something which made the most of her long, rather luscious neck . . .

to welcome you to Prague. I enclose you a booklet relating to our glass industry and also a programme planned for your visit. The programme, as you will see, is brief but quite comprehensive, and it will be a convenience if you will telephone the undersigned on your arrival to indicate if any changes should be required. Believe me, dear Pan Whistler. . . .

The second page of the letter, headed *Visit of N. Whistler*, read:

Wednesday 10.00. Discussions with L. V. Svoboda, State Glass Board Offices, Ujezd 23. Followed by luncheon at showrooms, Vaclavske Namesti 48. Afternoon, Discussions with departmental managers, S. N. Czernin, P. Stein, B. R. Vlcek, and tour round departments.

Thursday 10.00. Automobile to Tscblic Glassworks Full day. Luncheon at works.

Friday 10.00. Automobile to Zapotocky Glassworks Full day. Luncheon at works.

Saturday. Free Day. Return visits or further Discussions as necessary.

As L. V. Svoboda had said, brief but quite comprehensive. The visit to Pavelka's old plant was on Friday.

I had read the programme rapidly. I went through it again. Then I remembered the two Norstrunds.

I got them both out and compared them. There was no doubt about it; they were alike as two peas. Only when you looked hard could you see slight differences. Maura's was an earlier edition, 1950. Cunliffe's was 1953. I thought I had better mark it up to avoid confusion, and went to get my pen out of the jacket in the wardrobe.

The room phone rang.

I jumped about a foot. The two Norstrunds were spread out on the table. Here was where confusion could start. I swore out loud, let the phone ring, and marked a small dot in the top right hand corner of Cunliffe's copy. Then I stowed both books in my case. The damned phone hadn't stopped ringing.

"Hallo."

It was L. V. Svoboda, from the Glass Board, hoping he wasn't disturbing me.

"Not at all."

"We hope the programme we have arranged is satisfactory, Pan Whistler?"

"Oh, yes. It's fine."

"Very good," Svoboda said. "A car will call for you at—what? Is nine thirty too early?"

I assured him that nine thirty was an excellent time. When he had rung off, I picked up the telephone again and ordered a beer.

The floor-waiter was a plump, immaculately tail-coated character with glossy black hair and a gold-toothed smile. He seemed disposed for a chat. "You plan to make a long stay *pane*?"

"Just till the end of the week."

"I hope you make good business. We need the business men back here."

"You seem pretty full already."

He shrugged and shook his head sadly. "Delegations. A different class of business. It's not like the old days."

"No, well. Times change."

"Perhaps you would like something also?" he said wistfully.

"No thanks."

"Well then." His gold tooth winked. "If you should require me, I am Josef."

By six o'clock the following evening my apprehension was dispersing fast. Svoboda and his acolytes, Czernin, Stein and Vlcek, seemed to be business men like any other business men, if somewhat overgiven to Discussions.

A strapping young woman had been driving me about all day, and as I came out on the pavement I saw with some nervousness that she was waiting.

"You will want the automobile again today?"

"No thanks."

"Ah, I have wait for you."

"I'm very sorry. I didn't know."

"It is no trouble. You will require the automobile tomorrow?"

"I'm going to Kralovsk. Will you be driving me?"

"No. For longer distances is another service."

"Right. Well," I said, teetering in the hot, vigorous street. "Like a drink?" This seemed only right after the immense creature had sweltered all afternoon in the car.

"Oh, thank you."

"Fine. Let's go to the hotel."

She did not speak on the way, walking tall and solemn beside me. My

The night of Wenceslas

continued from previous page

head thumped abominably. She sat down, gazing about her with interest. "I do not come here often for myself," she said. "Here is very expensive."

"Yes, well. On business one travels on expenses."

"The work of a merchant must be very interesting."

"Very."

There was a heavy silence while we waited for the tea. "You like Prague?" she asked.

"It's very pleasant."

"I hate it."

At this curious statement I stared at her with interest. It suddenly occurred to me that she could not be very much more than twenty.

I said: "Where would you sooner be?"

"Anywhere. London, Paris, New York. Vienna even," she said glumly. "In Vienna also is the rock and roll."

This statement from such an unlikely source struck me as so grotesque that my eyes swivelled. "Are you keen on rock and roll?"

"Not just the rock and roll. Everything."

She had dropped her voice and was beginning to look about her in some embarrassment. My headache lifted quite suddenly. I wondered if I dare take this giant girl out. I said faintly: "Would you like to have dinner with me?"

"Oh, that would be nice." Her teeth glinted. "I would like it. Thank you."

"About seven thirty, here?"

"Ah, it would be better if we did not meet here again. Somewhere else, perhaps."

"You say where."

"You know the Slavia kavarna? It is on the corner by the river."

"Slavia kavarna at seven thirty? Right. Well," I said. "You know my name. What's yours?"

"Vlasta. Vlasta Simenova," she said and stood up to go. I watched her leave with a somewhat mixed and fearful anticipation. She was certainly a lot of girl. . . .

The effect of a bath and a rest and a beer had wrought some miraculous change in me as I stepped out of the hotel and into the still-crowded Vaclavske Namesti. I felt in the mood for Adventures.

The Slavia was a big corner café with huge windows, half open to the river. It was a hive of activity in the warm evening, waiters and waitresses shuttling there and back between the crowded tables. She was sitting with a glass of tea near the window. She was wearing a frilly pink blouse and had done something to her hair. It was now coiled at the back, giving her a long and rather luscious neck.

VLASTA hadn't seen me come in and I approached from behind and said, smiling, into her ear. *"Dobry vecer."*

She started and looked round. "Oh. *Dobry vecer."* She had flushed rather stunningly, and I took the seat opposite, gazing at her with frank admiration.

The frilly blouse did nothing to cramp her wondrous figure. There was just a touch of wildness about the high Slav cheekbones. Whistler Nicolas, no doubt about it, could have done a great deal worse for himself.

I had taken the only available seat at the table, and the curious attentions of the other patrons seemed to be inhibiting her. When I suggested that we move elsewhere she sprang up immediately. I paid the bill and we left.

We ate at the Zlata Kohoutek, the Golden Cockerel, a nightspot across the river. A five-piece band played softly and cornily during dinner. The girl ate and drank with healthy enjoyment. I had left the choice to her. She ordered carp, roast goose, sour cream, something called *Souffle Milord,* and a water ice. She also ordered a succession of powerful wines.

All this had a profound effect on me. The band at the end of the long room showed a tendency to float gently up and down. The effect on the girl seemed equally beneficial. A certain primness in her manner departed.

She told me she was twenty, and lived with her father, a musician and a widower, at Barrandov a few miles down the river. She had been a driver for two years.

"Have you a wife?" she asked.

"No."

There was an odd flicker in the wine-bright eyes as she smiled curiously at me. "It is so interesting to learn how other people live. I would like to learn so much more."

"Maybe I can teach you."

"Maybe you can." She laughed, rather huskily, very promisingly indeed, and leaned towards me.

"You'd like to dance?" she said. . . .

WE left at ten o'clock and went for a walk, crossing the river. I thought I might put my arm round her waist, and did so, meeting with no objection. Indeed, she snuggled up very amiably. I was content to await events.

Presently we cut through to the Vaclavske Namesti, seething and noisy as ever and brilliantly lit. A number of stalls had opened up at the kerbside, selling *parky*—hot sausages.

"You'd like a *parky?"* she said.

"No, thanks."

"I think I would like a *parky."*

I queued up and bought her one, marvelling at her appetite. The *parky* came on a slice of black bread with a smear of mustard. She disposed of it rapidly as we strolled along.

The clocks began to boom a quarter to eleven. "I think I should go home now," she said.

I said: "Right," supporting this move entirely. "Where do we get the tram?"

"Oh, there is no need for you to come."

"That's all right. I'd like to."

"No, please. It's late. And my father waits for me. I will go alone."

She had rooted herself solidly to the pavement, and seemed to have made her mind up. I was suddenly conscious again of her massive physique. She was holding out her hand to me.

I took it drearily. "Well, if you insist," I said, cursing the missed opportunities. We had passed several useful-looking courtyards farther back. "We can meet again, if you wish it. Does your father wait up every night?"

"Most nights," she said, dryly.

THERE was something about her that I couldn't quite fathom, a certain offbeat humour lurking in the long eyes. I said: "How about tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow is not possible. I have to help my father with his practice. Truly," she said, smiling apologetically. "I play the piano for him."

"Saturday, then?"

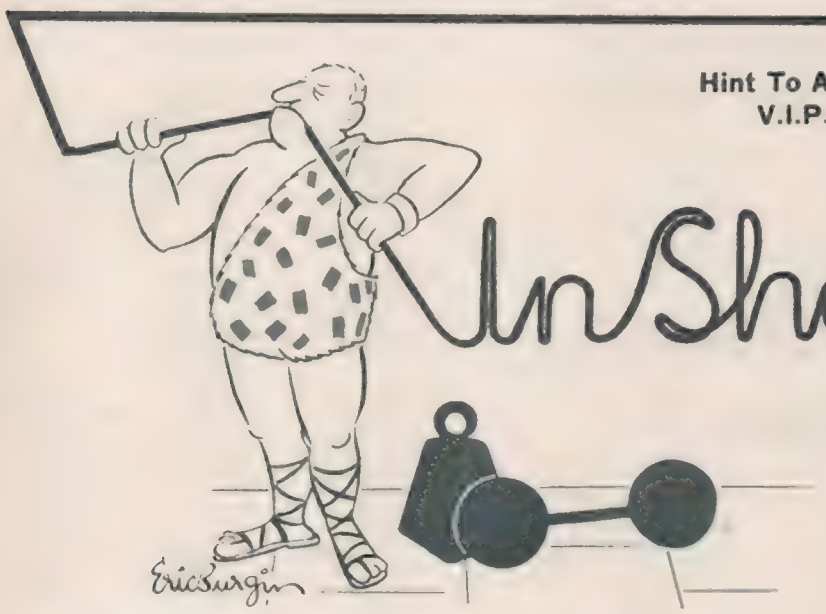
"Saturday would be very nice. Must you work in the afternoon?"

"No. I'm finished then."

"I also. If you wish, we could swim in the river. I go every Saturday to the bathing station at Zluta Plovarna if the weather is good. Later, if you like, we could eat at Barrandov, at the Terasy."

It seemed there was a kind of lido there. In the evening one could dine on the terraces. I gave the programme

continued on page 30



In Short

Hint To A V.I.P.

Men who are pulling their own weight
Are not often found
Wasting their energy trying
To throw it around.

HAL CHADWICK

Summing Up

Members of the jury, the question you have to decide is whether the defendant drove the camel dangerously, not whether he should be let off lightly. It is agreed that as the circus procession passed along Elm Avenue the camel suddenly turned into the drive of number two, passed round the house to the tennis court and interrupted a singles match between Miss Lesley Ingram and Mr. Peter Ford.

At this point the evidence becomes confused and irrelevant. The defendant says he had regained control of the steering when Miss Ingram's service caught the hindquarters and the camel leaped in through the french windows. Miss Ingram says it was not a service but a rally. She would never have served with an obstruction in the way, but if she had not returned Mr. Ford's volley she would have conceded him game and set. Mr. Ford says that if the shot had not struck the camel it would have been miles out.

The defendant argued that the impetus imparted to the camel by the ball was an Act of God and that he could not be held responsible for their subsequent passage through the drawing-room and hall.

Now we come to the evidence of Professor Guy, the zoologist, who, though sound on camels, seemed vague about the laws of tennis. . . .

R. G. G. PRICE

Rain Never Stopped Play

"Summer is not what it used to be,"
So my father said;
And this same tale was told to him
By Grandpa—long since dead.

It never rained when I was young,
Between June and September,
And Christmas Day was always white,
Or—that's what I remember.

Now my son is grown a man
And tells his children all,
In summer when he was a boy
It didn't rain at all.

Somewhere, something must be wrong,
Or else statistics lie,
For how can it be always wet
And, at the same time, dry?

Ah, memory! thou fickle jade,
The sweets of life retaining,
You laugh with us through sunny days,
But leave us when it's raining.

G. C. SHANKLAND

Lesson For Mummy

Why are you painting your toenails, Mummy?

To make them more interesting.

Were they beginning to bore you a bit?

Just a bit.

Will people come and look at them on the beach?

They can if they want.

They could have a look at your new costume at the same time, couldn't they?

I wouldn't stop them.

Do you think you'll be able to swim better in this costume? You weren't too marvellous in the old one, were you?

Maybe Daddy wasn't such a marvellous teacher.

That French lady learned quite a bit, though, didn't she?

I picked up a few things myself.

Your new costume is rather like hers. Did you realize that, Mummy?

It crossed my mind.

Wasn't it funny how she could never learn to float? Daddy had to hold her up all the time, didn't he? I said wasn't it funny how——

I heard you. That was terribly funny.

Wouldn't it be absolutely super if we met her again this year, Mummy?

Absolutely super.

Then Daddy could teach us all together again. There's still quite a bit to learn, isn't there?

We're picking up fast.

Do you think you'd get on faster if you took Granny's advice?

What advice was that?

You know, when she told you to keep your eye more closely on Daddy this year. I said when she told you to keep your eye more closely. . . .

L. D.

Beginning THE WILDEST GAME by PETER RYHINER
and Daniel P. Mannix

I hunt for animals— and find a glamorous wife

Without a gun I scoured the world's jungles in search of the rarest birds and beasts —and my bride came too

Ryhiner with his pet cheetah. Not all animals are as friendly. He has been clawed by a lion, charged by gorillas and kicked by a zebra

Mercia, the clerk who became a hunter's wife

In 1950, when I happened to be in Singapore, I heard that a python had been seen in a nearby reservoir. I hurried to catch it at once, before anyone else did. Helped by my friend, Shaik Subrati, I caught the snake without much trouble—he was a nice little fellow, about eight feet long—and went back to my hotel.

While I was crossing the lobby holding the python I ran into the most exquisitely beautiful girl I had ever seen.

A Eurasian, exotic but aloof, she had a job as clerk in the hotel's airline ticket booth; I knew this because I had spotted her in the booth earlier in the day, and begged her to have dinner with me, but she refused.

This second encounter of ours was an embarrassing moment as I know that most women don't like snakes, but the girl only stepped quickly out of my way, looked at me curiously, and then went out of the hotel where she was instantly besieged by the crowd of male admirers gathered there.

Thinking that I had lost all chances of making a favourable impression on her, I went up to my room and put the python in a bag. Unlike mammals, reptiles are very easy to keep in captivity, at least for a short time, and I had other snakes in bags around my room like sacks of laundry, waiting to be air-mailed to various countries.

Perhaps I ought to explain that normally, of course, on hunting expeditions I have a large compound for my catches. This is essential. I am one of the only four men in the world who handle big shipments of animals.

In recent years I have, for example, exported from the East 136 Indian elephants, sixty-two tigers, six rhinos, sixty-two Asiatic bears, three hundred crocodiles and caymans, and ten thousand monkeys. From South America I have exported forty-two pumas, thirty-six jaguars and 25,000 birds; from Africa five gorillas, twenty ostriches and six hippos. Also, I have exported from North and Central America to European and Asian zoos: sea lions, ring-tailed cats, armadillos, woodchucks, prairie dogs, and many birds and reptiles.

My collection in the hotel bedroom at Singapore, therefore, was simply a means of earning pin-money between major expeditions.

The next evening I met the Eurasian

Mercia loved all animals except reptiles. So one day I threw a basket of snakes over her . . . and she kept on smiling

girl again in the lobby. She smiled and asked: "How's the boa constrictor?"

"He's not a boa. He's a regal python," I told her.

She laughed. "You're like the scientist in Africa whose wife rushed in to tell him that their child had been eaten by an alligator. He said indignantly: 'My dear, it must have been a crocodile. There aren't any alligators in Africa.' "

Apparently she did know a little something about animals. "Why don't we have dinner together and I'll explain the difference between a boa and a python?" I suggested.

She hesitated. "I'll have dinner with you, but don't talk about snakes. I hate them."

This was a disappointment, but the dinner was a great success. The girl's name was Mercia and she knew Singapore as well as I knew my native Basle in Switzerland. She took me to a little Chinese restaurant which was open all night. Mercia and I sat there until dawn talking. She told me the history of her life and although I thought it a most pathetic story, Mercia recounted it in a cold, matter-of-fact way, obviously not making the smallest bid for sympathy.

Abandoned by her beautiful Eurasian mother, and by her father, who was an English rubber planter, she was brought up in a Singapore institute with scores of other children. When she was eighteen she went out into the world on her own. She had no money and was shunned by white women, though not by white men. Lacking any training that fitted her for a profession, she took whatever jobs she could find.

I was so captivated by her that I asked her to be my secretary and come to my next stopping place, Bali, at a much higher salary than she was getting from the airlines company. Mercia didn't jump at the suggestion as I'd hoped. She considered it very carefully.

"The salary is all right," she said at length. "But I'd want a contract for at least a year. Also, I'd want my rent and board paid and a bond posted covering my return flight fare to Singapore in case I don't want to stay."

"My heavens, it would be cheaper to marry you," I protested jokingly.

Mercia looked at me gravely. "Yes, much cheaper. Would you marry me?"

We were married immediately and went to Bedok, a suburb of Singapore, for our honeymoon. Bedok was a real Malayan village, with houses on stilts.

Mercia soon made herself indispensable in my business. Publicity is vitally important to an animal collector, for unless the zoos and big dealers have heard of you they ignore your letters. Mercia was marvellous at publicity. There was no newspaper photographer so blasé that he didn't want pictures of Mercia. The only problem was how to include the animals.

Mercia was willing to pose with any animal except snakes. As snakes were our biggest item, I tried hard to find some way to overcome her prejudice. I had several dozen mangrove snakes that I wanted to sell. These are shiny, bluish-black reptiles with neon-yellow bellies and chins.

Smiled at snakes

We needed publicity to move them, and as mangrove snakes are only slightly poisonous, I decided that they were the ideal snake to use for breaking Mercia into the reptile business.

For some press photographers I got Mercia to pose reclining on a couch in a skin-tight, green bathing suit. She had given the men a very convincing story about how she loved being married to an animal collector and was passionately fond of all animals.

When the movie cameras were set up, I came up quietly with a basketful of mangrove snakes and dumped them on top of her. I'd counted on Mercia's not screaming or showing any panic with the photographers there. She was too good a business woman for that.

Mercia didn't disappoint me. She continued to smile sweetly with the snakes crawling all over her. The photographers got their pictures and as a result of the publicity I was able to sell the snakes for a good price.

When Mercia saw the profit we'd made, she agreed to pose with any snake if I'd only tell her ahead of time, not dump it on her unexpectedly.

I'd always been casual about money matters; my bank account was in my coat pocket. Mercia stopped all that. She kept track of every rupia. At the end of the first few weeks she came raging in to me flourishing her account book.

"How can I tell what's going on in this madhouse?" she wept. "Look at my books: 'Soap two rupias, laundry six shillings, rats for python four Straits dollars, rent eighty guilders, hay for tapir a hundred and fifty Hongkong dollars.' I'm going mad!"

I told her not to worry, but Mercia did worry. Her early insecurity had taught her the value of a stable income.

As Bedok was too far from the docks, we moved to Singapore and stayed in an hotel, but then we had no compound for the animals. Mercia used to smuggle small animals up to our room under her blouse and this gave rise to the rumour that she was pregnant.

Mercia encouraged the belief and used to stage fainting spells in the lobby. After she had been revived with cold water and smelling salts she would weakly thank the clerks and stagger out of the door, returning an hour or so later with anything from a bagful of snakes to a pair of mouse deer hidden about her person. No one dared to touch her.

Of course, it was impossible to conceal from the management indefinitely that we had animals in our room, but everyone was very good-natured about it. Mercia took this indulgence as a matter of course. If I or my business was touched, she was like a tigress defending her young, but it never seemed to occur to her that other people had rights.

Once we had twelve mangrove snakes in the bathtub, and, as the snakes seemed quiet and content, we went out for lunch. When we got back, the snakes had vanished. We started to look for them, Mercia bursting into rooms without bothering to knock, confident that if a woman was inside she could outargue her and if it was a man, he wouldn't object.

In one room, she found a Chinese sitting quietly on top of the wardrobe with his legs folded under him and four of the mangroves crawling around the floor. Mercia, who had lost all her fear of snakes, started collecting them without bothering to speak to the Chinese. He watched her for a while and then mildly inquired where the snakes had come from. Mercia instantly went into a rage.

"Don't you dare question me!" she screamed at him. "Besides, what are you doing on top of that wardrobe? Come down and help me!"

"Aren't they poisonous?" asked the Chinese nervously.

"They're only semi-poisonous. Now get down off that wardrobe!"

The man actually obeyed her and helped to carry the snakes back to our room. Mercia was still fuming. "Imagine his making all that fuss about a few little snakes!" she exclaimed indignantly.

Looking back over my years in the animal business I realize that I have travelled quite a way—nearly 50,000 miles of jungle, desert, heat, cold, heartbreaks and unexpected successes. I have been clawed by a lion, charged by gorillas and nearly lost a leg because of a zebra kick. But it has been worth it.

I launched myself into the business shortly after the last war. I was twenty-five and went into partnership with a friend in Switzerland named Hans Gagliari. We began shipping animals all over Europe. There had been no shipments since the start of the war. Zoos were half-empty and desperate for exhibits. An enormous market was open to us and prices were sky-high.

Zoo rivalries

Early on, I made the discovery that zoo directors are not the high-minded, scientifically impartial demigods that I had always considered them to be. Directors have their little jealousies and pettinesses like ordinary humans. The Basle Zoo and the Zurich Zoo were rivals. The directors weren't especially friendly with each other and even the employees of the two zoos took part in the rivalry. One afternoon, while we were delivering some reptiles to the Zurich Zoo, the director remarked that he badly wanted some llamas.

"All the children want to see a llama and we don't have any," he admitted. "I'd pay any price for a pair."

We didn't handle such large animals but we said that we'd keep a lookout for llamas. Later that day, we went to Basle to sell some birds. The director asked if we could possibly take some llamas off his hands. "We have more than we can handle and I'd let them go very cheap."

Hans, who was always a better business man than myself, pulled a long face. "Unfortunately, all the zoos are in the same position. Overrun with llamas," he said regretfully. "Still, I'll make you a proposition. We'll take a pair of llamas—for a rock-bottom price, you understand—if you'll take a dozen rhesus monkeys at our price."

The director wanted rhesus about as much as he wanted pigeons, but monkeys are cheaper to feed than llamas, so the deal was closed. We rushed the llamas to Zurich and made a seven hundred per cent profit.

That was the beginning of a very profitable business on our part between the two zoos.

Following a disastrous love affair and the end of my partnership with Hans, I decided that I was sick of Switzerland. South America had always appealed to me; it had great uncharted wildernesses. No one knew very much about the animal life there.

So I set off for Buenos Aires with all my savings. The desk clerk at my hotel there remarked:

"If you are interested in animals, why don't you see Lothar Behrend?"

"Lothar Behrend!" I yelled. "Is he in Buenos Aires?"

"Certainly, señor. At this hour, you can always find him at the Munich Beer Hall."

Lothar Behrend was a legend in the animal dealers' world. For me to meet him was like a private meeting the general, but I decided to chance it. Perhaps Mr. Behrend would be in a good mood and drop a few words of advice. I could only try.

I followed the clerk's directions to the Munich Beer Hall. A waiter directed me to a crowded table at the far end of the long room. At the head of the table sat an enormously fat man in his shirt sleeves drinking from a stein as big as a chamber pot. He wore huge steel-rimmed glasses and had wavy grey hair.

I approached the table and asked

Young chimpanzees give Mercia a busy time during the sea voyage from Africa to Ceylon

To capture giraffe unharmed, Ryhiner (left) used a noose attached to a long pole. He also caught zebra, ostrich and gazelle with this method

for Mr. Behrend. No one answered. After studying me for a few seconds, the fat man said: "Why do you want Mr. Behrend, boy?"

"I hope to go into the animal collecting business here."

Everyone laughed, the fat man loudest of all. He took another swig of beer and smiled at me beneficently.

"The animal business? Go out and sell neckties or ladies' panty-waists for a living. What do you know about the animal business? Oh, yes, you've had a few pets, no doubt. You know that a macaw you can pick up from an Indian for three pesos will bring you fifty dollars in New York, so it seems easy. Therefore, you take a boat to South Africa, land in Buenos Aires without a sou in your pockets, and expect to go into the animal business."

A new partner

He smiled and buried his face in the stein while the other guffawed.

"I have forty thousand francs," I explained. "I know it isn't much——"

A fountain of beer shot up from the stein as the fat man choked. Everyone looked at me with new interest. The fat man said unbelievingly: "Not —not in Swiss francs?"

"Yes, Swiss francs."

The fat man leaped to his feet and shoved the dwarf off his chair. "Sit down here, my dear young friend, sit down here! I didn't catch your name? Ah yes, Ryhiner, Peter Ryhiner. Of *course* I've heard of you. I consider this an honour. I am Lothar Behrend. *Mein Gott!* Forty thousand francs!"

Immediately I was the centre of attention. Behrend shoved his great bulk between me and the others and began to question me about my work with animals. As I explained my different techniques, he kept muttering, *"Wunderbar!"* or *"Schön, ach schön!"* At last he brought his fist down on the table with a crash.

"Silence! I have come to a very important decision!"

Everyone kept quiet. Behrend announced: "I have decided to make this young man my partner!"

There were cries of astonishment and everyone pressed forward to congratulate me. I didn't know whether I was awake or asleep, I was so surprised and delighted. Before I was through shaking hands, Behrend leaped up shouting: "Come! We will go at once to a lawyer and draw up the necessary papers. When I, Lothar Behrend, make up my mind, I do not delay!"

I paid the bill which, judging from its size, must have included everyone's drinks. Then we hurried off to the lawyers.

The partnership papers were drawn up in record time and then we dashed away to the bank, Behrend waving the contract in the air as we ran to dry the ink. At the bank, I drew out 12,000 francs—nearly £1,000—which we changed into pesos. Then Behrend hailed a taxi and told the driver to take us to the docks.

"I have a cargo just come in from Africa," Behrend explained, lighting a long, thin cigar while I sat panting on the seat beside him. "Nothing striking, you understand, just half a dozen servals, some chimps, a few score antelopes, several hundred of the rarer birds and, of course, an assignment of monkeys—green, dianas and other guenons."

Nothing striking! Here was really the fabulous Lothar Behrend of my dreams! I sat rubbing my damp palms together and trying to seem as though I were used to handling such cargoes.

"There has been a little confusion over the shipping charges," Behrend went on. "The captain of the vessel won't allow the animals to be unloaded until he is paid. Can you imagine it, the swine refuses to accept my cheque!"

"No!" I exclaimed, deeply shocked.

We arrived at the wharf and Behrend hurried off to the ship while I paid the driver. The captain met us at the entry port. Never had I seen such a hard-faced, unfriendly looking individual. His first words were: "Not so much as a piece of dung do you take off this ship until I get my money."

"Captain, it hurts me that you do not trust me," said Behrend with great dignity. "My new partner, Señor Ryhiner, will pay you your shipping charges."

I counted out the money into the captain's hand and then he let us on board.

Behrend had not exaggerated the size of the cargo. The ship's decks were covered with cages and there were still more below. I wandered around from cage to cage, my eyes popping out. At last I was in the big time.

"Peter," he told me impressively shortly afterwards, "I am now sending you out on your first assignment. First you will go to Mendoza in the Andes and send back a collection of cougars, horned frogs and giant hares which the Indians have gotten. Next, you go to Asunción in Paraguay and pick up some military macaws, parrots, capucin monkeys, capybaras, agoutis and toucans. You can return with this lot by steamer down the Plata. Then go to Gran Chico in Brazil and pick up some hyacinthine macaws. There's always a demand for them."

It seemed a simple enough job and I was glad to get away from Buenos Aires for a few days. As it turned out, this was the beginning of the wildest six months of my life.

I flew to Mendoza to pick up my cargo. The Indian trapper had one young cougar and two very sick-looking marras (giant hares) in cages. That was all.

"Where are the other animals?" I demanded.

"Señor, the jungle is full of them," the Indian assured me.

I spent the next three weeks in Mendoza organizing the trapping. The gauchos were expert trappers but without some kind of stimulus behind them they'd rather sit in front of their huts, sip maté and watch the girls go by. First we put out a number of box traps

Ryhiner works on cartridges for a syringe gun—an air rifle which shoots a hypodermic needle into animals, weakening their resistance

The wildest game

continued from previous page

baited with sheep for the cougars, the gauchos showing me the trails which the animals followed on their rounds.

We got three cougars in our traps, one a female who gave birth to two kittens the next day. As the mother was too nervous to feed her babies, I raised them on goat's milk, feeding them from a whisky bottle with a piece of cloth stuck in the mouth on which they could suck.

I sent my cargo to Buenos Aires by train and then went on to Asunción. Asunción is the principal city of Paraguay, but its outskirts are nearly overgrown by the jungle. Our agent there was a fat German trader who lived with his five Indian wives in a mud hut. The place was alive with children

Asunción was an animal collector's paradise. The jungle around the little town looked like a zoo. Parrots flew through the trees in flocks like rooks at home. Bands of monkeys swung through the branches, worth fifty dollars each f.o.b. New York.

Taught by Indians

On the trails, we saw the tracks of capybaras and agoutis and once we passed a group of coatis, their long striped tails sticking up above the ferns like a column of barber poles.

The Indians taught me how to trap these animals and each species required a special technique. But I learned more than trapping methods. I hadn't forgotten Behrend's injunction to get as many as possible of the magnificent hyacinthine macaws. These noble birds, the largest of all the macaws, are a brilliant blue with yellow around the eyes and beak and with their long tails are nearly five feet high. They are quite rare but I offered the Indians extravagant prices for young birds and soon every man, woman and child in the neighbouring villages was out looking for hyacinthines.

They brought me in six young birds, a fair quantity, but I could have used a hundred. Determined to impress Behrend, I went out with two guides and travelled along jungle trails to villages far in the interior. After I'd told the natives what I wanted and waited a few days, their trappers would bring in a few macaws . . . three in one village, four in another, two in a third. I left the birds behind with careful instructions as to feeding and pushed on greatly pleased. I now had some thirty young hyacinthines, scattered throughout eighteen villages, waiting to be picked up on my return journey.

One of the young birds had an injured toe which I treated before leaving him behind. In the next village, two nestlings were brought in and one of them also had an injured toe. Exactly the same toe. A horrible doubt suddenly struck me. I hastily began to backtrack. It was just as I'd feared: I'd been buying my own birds over and over again all along the way. When I got back to Asunción, I only had the original six.

The Indians had seemed so simple and childlike that I'd never have suspected them of playing such a trick. I discovered then that simple, childlike people are perfectly capable of extremely clever, intricate and unscrupulous business methods.

Crocodile hunts

I loaded my cargo on a river steamer and returned to Buenos Aires. Behrend packed me off at once to the Matto Grosso to trap jaguars for a new order.

During the next four months, I seldom slept in the same bed twice or in the same country for more than a few days. I watched Indians in the high Andes catch condors by building circular stockades and baiting the birds in with rotten meat placed in the centre. Like big planes, condors are so huge that they require a run before they can take off and the stockades were too small to give them the necessary space.

In Brazil, I took part in cayman hunts with caboclos. Caymans are the huge South American crocodiles, reaching a length of eighteen feet, and extremely savage. They lie out on the banks to sun themselves and the caboclos gallop up at full speed, lasso the creatures, and then drag them inland where they can be dispatched with machetes. I wasn't interested in the big fellows but Behrend had orders for thousands of small cayman, a foot or so long. These are sent to Florida where they are sold to tourists as "baby alligators," the native American alligator being protected by law.

I collected harpy eagles for a rajah client who was a falconer, taking the young birds from the nest. The lowest limb of the nesting tree was over 120 feet from the ground and the trunk was too thick to climb, but the Indians shot a light line attached to an arrow over the limb and then hauled up a heavier rope.

I discovered how to get boa constrictors and twenty-foot anacondas into their shipping boxes: put a noose around the snake's neck, lead the rope through a hole in the back of the box, and pull.

I collected pacas, coatis, peccaries, kinkajous, ocelots, magay cats, tapirs, and birds and reptiles.

I was in Africa, where I had been trying to build up an export business in gorillas, when Behrend cabled me. An enormous shipment of East African animals, valued at more than $100,000 —£36,000—had been collected for us at the port of Mombasa. I was to fly to Mombasa and return with the shipment to Rio de Janeiro.

I arrived in Mombasa and looked around for my cargo. There wasn't a sign of it and no one knew anything about a shipment of animals. I had the name of the animal trapper so I went on to his address in Nairobi and there hired a car so I could drive out to the trapper's ranch, a day's trip. I arrived late that evening, tired, dirty and in an extremely bad mood.

The lazy trapper

Standing on the front porch of a rather dilapidated house was a little hardfaced man wearing a stained bush jacket and torn trousers. I asked if he was the trapper and he nodded without bothering to speak.

"Where are the animals?" I asked after identifying myself.

"Out in the bush. Where did you expect to find them, all in boxes waiting for you?" he inquired sarcastically.

My first impulse was to cancel the contract and find another trapper. However, cancelling a contract in a foreign country is a long, expensive business with plenty of legal complications. Also, I discovered that although this Boer knew nothing about the animal business, he had hired two very capable men to do the trapping for him. One of these men was the famous Willie de Beer, who was well known in animal circles. Willie was a giant, tremendously strong and tough as a rhinoceros-hide whip.

There was a legend that once while Willie was moving a leopard from the box trap to a transport cage, the leopard had got loose and clawed him badly in the left shoulder. Willie knocked the animal out with one blow of his fist, tossed the cat into the transfer cage, and drove back to the farm.

The other trapper was a younger man but also very capable. With these two men, I was confident that the animals could be collected. From Nairobi, I sent a cable to Behrend saying that I'd be in East Africa at least four months and then settled down to the job at hand.

Behrend's order included such animals as elephants, giraffes, leopards and rhinoceroses as well as the ordinary antelopes, gazelles, birds and monkeys. I had no conception how you went about catching an antelope or gazelle, let alone an elephant or a rhino. Fortunately, Willie de Beer

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The grey City office is blossoming out in gay dress. Bright window boxes are bringing a breath of summer to town

Big business sports a buttonhole

by RENÉ LECLER

Window boxes bring colour to the City of London. Their deadly enemies are fumes, grime—and office cats

WHEN Peter Watson-Smyth helped to plant hundreds of pink geraniums in the window boxes of a large building on the sunny side of London's Piccadilly, he thought that the plants would do well there. Passing the site a few days later, he could not see a single bloom.

He borrowed a ladder, climbed to a first-floor window and found every bud thickly coated with a grimy substance issuing from thousands of motor-car exhaust pipes.

A fortnight later the geraniums had miraculously recovered but others, in nearby St. James's Street, had become affected.

Watson-Smyth discovered that road repair works in Piccadilly had diverted heavy traffic down St. James's and that the deadly fumes had moved from one street to the next.

"Now," he says, "we keep a close watch on road diversions in Central London, and when traffic thickens in one street we give our plants more fertilizer or even change them for hardier species."

He recalls Coronation time when an Oxford Street store framed its windows with three thousand prize blooms. After a week of the worst traffic crawl in the capital's history, there was not a flower in sight on the whole length of the building.

Fighting for the life of his plants against the London atmosphere is just one of the things Watson-Smyth has had to do since 1947 when, with his wife Virginia, his brother Michael and £250 capital, he founded Window-flowers, Ltd.

Together they bought surplus ammunition boxes, filled them with plants from the family nursery near Ashford, Middlesex, and searched through the telephone directory for potential customers.

One of their first orders, worth £30, was to decorate the headquarters of an oil company. Watson-Smyth measured one of the windows, rushed home, filled a few boxes and drove back to the building.

"I walked proudly into the managing director's thickly carpeted office, opened the window and fitted the box on his sill. Going into the next room I found that the box would not fit the window. I measured the window sill; it was two inches shorter, and most of the others varied too. Now we measure every window."

Tended at night

Watson-Smyth's firm today puts more than a million plants in 20,000 window boxes in London every year. Its turnover amounts to £60,000.

Its contracts cover eighty per cent of all window boxes on commercial premises in the City of London and about four out of ten in the West End. Customers include banks, insurance companies, cinemas, restaurants and clubs. The partners employ seventy-five people, run three nurseries and a fleet of mobile water tankers which crawl every night through London to water plants from outside the buildings.

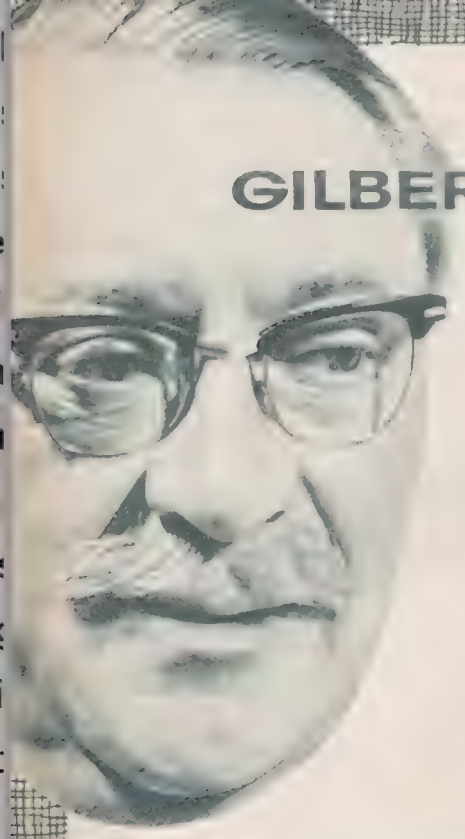
Though many florists willingly provide window boxes, only one other firm in the London area specializes in this offshoot of the nursery trade and, apart from the efforts of local councils and parks committees in Britain's other large cities, the window-box habit has not yet taken a firm hold in the provinces.

"Possibly," says Watson-Smyth, "people outside London are nearer their gardens."

He agrees that the window box business has a lot to do with keeping up with the Joneses. One day a City firm ordered six boxes. Within five weeks seven others nearby had followed suit.

In London at least one borough, Kensington, holds annual competitions for the best window displays by private residents. For displays on commercial premises, Watson-Smyth's firm has won Westminster's Silver Challenge Cup twice in four years.

Yet customers are not always pleased. Once, when a Australian bank asked



GILBERT HARDING SAYS...

Go on – have a good tuck-in

NOBODY has slimmed more often than I have. In my time I must have lost and regained stones of too, too solid flesh.

On doctors' orders, and sometimes at my own command, I have given up eating bread and potatoes; I have cut down on wines and spirits, even going so far as to be seen ostentatiously drinking gingerpop at parties; I have gone saltless, cut down on fats, tightened my cummerbund, hovered between eighteen and fourteen stone and, of course, become vilely bad tempered in the process.

When I have decided to slim and go on a diet, knowing only too well that I am not strong-willed, I have always found it best to announce my plan to as many people as possible. Then I know I shall be watched, and, even, rebuked publicly, as I was once when I went to a Foyles' luncheon to launch my first book.

Weak and silly

That evening I read in a gossip column that "I refused the Christmas pudding" (splendid of me) "but had big helpings of fish, turkey and sausages and drank champagne all through the meal." Alas, how weak and silly!

It is only too easy for us to find excuses for our weaknesses. "Why," I used to ask myself, "why make yourself miserable in order to slim and go on living longer and only be more miserable?"

As I could never answer that one I used to throw the dry biscuits into the wastepaper basket (the right place for them) and tuck into delicious things like raspberries and cream and let what will be, be.

At times (allow me to boast: what bores all slimmers are) I have slimmed with such strong-minded self-discipline that I have frightened myself. I could see myself succeeding; beginning to look like a sad elephant in once well-cut trousers.

There is a saying: "Inside every fat man is a thin man wildly signalling to be let out." I thought that G. K. Chesterton, a mountain of a man himself, first said this, but I have heard that Cyril Connolly claims it for himself.

When the thin man begins to appear and it looks as though he might get out, I panic. I eat steaks and drink burgundy again, quickly.

Most of us do not dare to become "a new man." Women, it seems, are more prepared to risk it. And what stupid, silly risks some of them do run, taking, without doctors' advice, drugs that are dangerous or not worth a dose of salts, for their figures' sake.

I am almost sorry for women. Almost without exception they seem to be haunted by a dream. I remember strolling down Oxford Street (if one can ever be said to stroll among those throngs of scurrying, madly-shopping women)..

"The saddest street in the world," said my companion. "In the shop windows—woman as she would like to be."

I looked at the slender, simpering dummies, with long thin legs like thoroughbred fillies, the universal fashion figure, the figure of the adolescent girl.

"And on the pavements," my friend continued, "woman as she is. . . ."

I, myself, saw nothing sad about the hale, hearty, bouncing, cheerful housewives except their silly preoccupation with, and often desperate search for, a dream-slimness.

Slimming has become a national obsession, particularly among women.

It has always fascinated me to see how innate Puritanism, so deeply embedded in the British national character, manages to manifest itself in different eras under different guises. Today our Puritanism is most clearly shown at table.

Many people seem to need the sauce of guilt to spice their food. How many times have you heard: "I shouldn't be eating this, you know," but she tucks in, doesn't she, into the crisp roll, the fried potatoes, the cream?

It is the nature of the Puritan to refuse to take delight in things for their own sakes; everything must be done for a good reason.

When Terry-Thomas gave a party on December 5, he worded his invitation: "Come to a party to deplore, on their anniversary, the death of Wolfang Amaddeus Mozart and Claude Monet and the birth of Walt Disney." Asked why, he said stupid people always want a *reason* stated for a party; the excuse he had thought up seemed as good as any.

Lost delight

So many people now, if they ever had a delight in food for food's sake, seem to have lost it. "Eat it up—it will do you good, or keep you slim." They can't just put a napkin round their neck, thank God for food and appetite, and tuck in. No, they must be assured that the calories have been counted, the vitamins abundant, the starch absent. We all do it, but I do it as little as I can.

I cannot help thinking that if women knew as much about food—real food, food for food's sake, for delight—and about cooking it, as they do about anti-food and slimming, their men folk would be a lot happier and healthier. THE END

Big business sports a buttonhole

continued from previous page

him for a display, Watson-Smyth decorated its façade with hydrangeas. Within an hour of planting, the bank manager telephoned, saying: "Take these things down. Don't you know that hydrangeas are weeds in Australia?"

Another time a well-known firm of perfumers asked for pink flowers to match its interior decorations. He carried out the order for several seasons, but one day the firm's chairman telephoned him, angrily protesting at his lack of taste. "The place had been redecorated from pink to pale yellow," he says, "and nobody had told us."

The three partners learned by trial and error. "We all had green fingers," recalls Michael Watson-Smyth, "but we didn't know an invoice from a statement, and we didn't really know London."

After their early disasters with traffic fumes, they planted winter-flowering heather on the window sills of a large store. "The flowers did not drop off because that's not in their nature, but after a week they looked like nicotine-stained pipe cleaners."

Now during the winter season they concentrate on plants with shiny leaves, and spray them once a week with water containing a detergent.

Overhanging sills and windows facing an unfavourable light make a lot of difference to the plants' growth. Peter Watson-Smyth now takes a light-meter reading outside every window before he decides what flowers to plant.

Every year the partners experiment with up to a dozen new plants, hoping to find one that will thrive in London streets. "The main thing," says Peter Watson-Smyth, "is to ring the changes. A customer might pay for anything between four and seven plantings a year, and he expects value for his money."

For summer decorations he finds that geraniums, of which he plants 25,000 every summer, are the best bet. But begonias, which he would like to use because of their bright colours, quickly die in the dry atmosphere. He has also tried petunias, but their sticky leaves and stems attract the grime.

Caterpillar raids

His plants must also be strong enough to survive occasional plagues of caterpillars, office cats sitting on window sills, mice which will eat the spring bulbs, especially crocuses, and extremes of weather.

One gale denuded hundreds of boxes around Piccadilly Circus and dislodged the box itself from a window overlooking Baker Street.

"Most of our boxes are either anchored, or so fitted that even a strong man could not move them," says Watson-Smyth. The weight, however, does not deter thieves, and one City stockbroker is now wondering how a thief managed to walk away with a daffodil box weighing a hundredweight, in broad daylight, from a window which overlooks his desk.

The partners continually come across oddities that test their ingenuity. One summer they planted thousands of red chrysanthemums in West End boxes. Peter Watson-Smyth passed them a week later and saw that the flowers were all bright yellow.

Back home he checked the records and found that his men *had* planted red ones. He then discovered that one type of red chrysanthemum quickly fades into yellow under bright sunlight. "The plants were quite healthy," he says. "They had merely turned yellow. Our customers must have thought we had given them extra colour changes."

The need to water the plants abundantly and regularly has presented some of the biggest problems. The managing director of a City firm saw his plants dying, and asked Peter Watson-Smyth to find a remedy.

"I asked who watered the flowers and he said that he did. He showed me a half-pint teapot which he used every morning. I told him that his boxes needed a gallon of water per foot per week, and more in the summer."

One famous Pall Mall club was proud of its magnificent geraniums and trailing lobelias until, one June, the plants all died. Watson-Smyth replaced them. The next year at the same time the plants failed again. When this had happened three years running, he called on the club's secretary.

"My hunch turned out to be right," he recalls. "We found that the porter who had taken on the watering job always had his holiday in the middle of June. Nobody had taken over."

The partners solved this problem by making watering part of the contract, and doing it at night or during weekends. "Now," says Peter Watson-Smyth, "we always tell our customers that they will see our work but never our work people."

Grime cleaned off

Every night the firm's specially designed eight-hundred-gallon tankers do the rounds of the London streets.

A mobile ladder with a man on top holding the hose is pushed along the pavements very slowly, and the tanker follows it. Each box is watered evenly. The man then picks off the dead flowers, trims the plants, cleans off the grime and fills in a report sheet on the condition of each box.

When they started the watering system the partners had difficulty with customers who feared burglars. They solved the problem by issuing each workman with a police-approved pass which any caretaker could check against the presence of the tanker outside the building.

Late one night a policeman new to his beat in the City saw a man coming down a ladder set up against the wall of a bank. The man carried a large bag over his shoulder, and a lorry, its engine running, waited below.

The policeman blew his whistle and brought two patrol cars to the scene. The patrolmen quickly identified the "burglar" as one of Watson-Smyth's employees carrying a sack full of dead flowers over his shoulder.

The men's night-time activities often cause great amusement among passers-by when they are seen watering window boxes in pouring rain. "What most people don't realize," says Watson-Smyth, "is that the sill is recessed into the wall and the rain rarely gets at the flowers." Another nuisance to the partners are the people who try to cadge replaced plants. "Charladies in the early hours of the morning are expert at this," he says, "but we discourage it. Plants, healthy or otherwise, are our capital." For three years the partners have been finding ways to rehabilitate plants half killed by London's polluted atmosphere. Last year an entire nursery was turned into a plant sanatorium and sixty per cent of all the hardier plants were saved for further use.

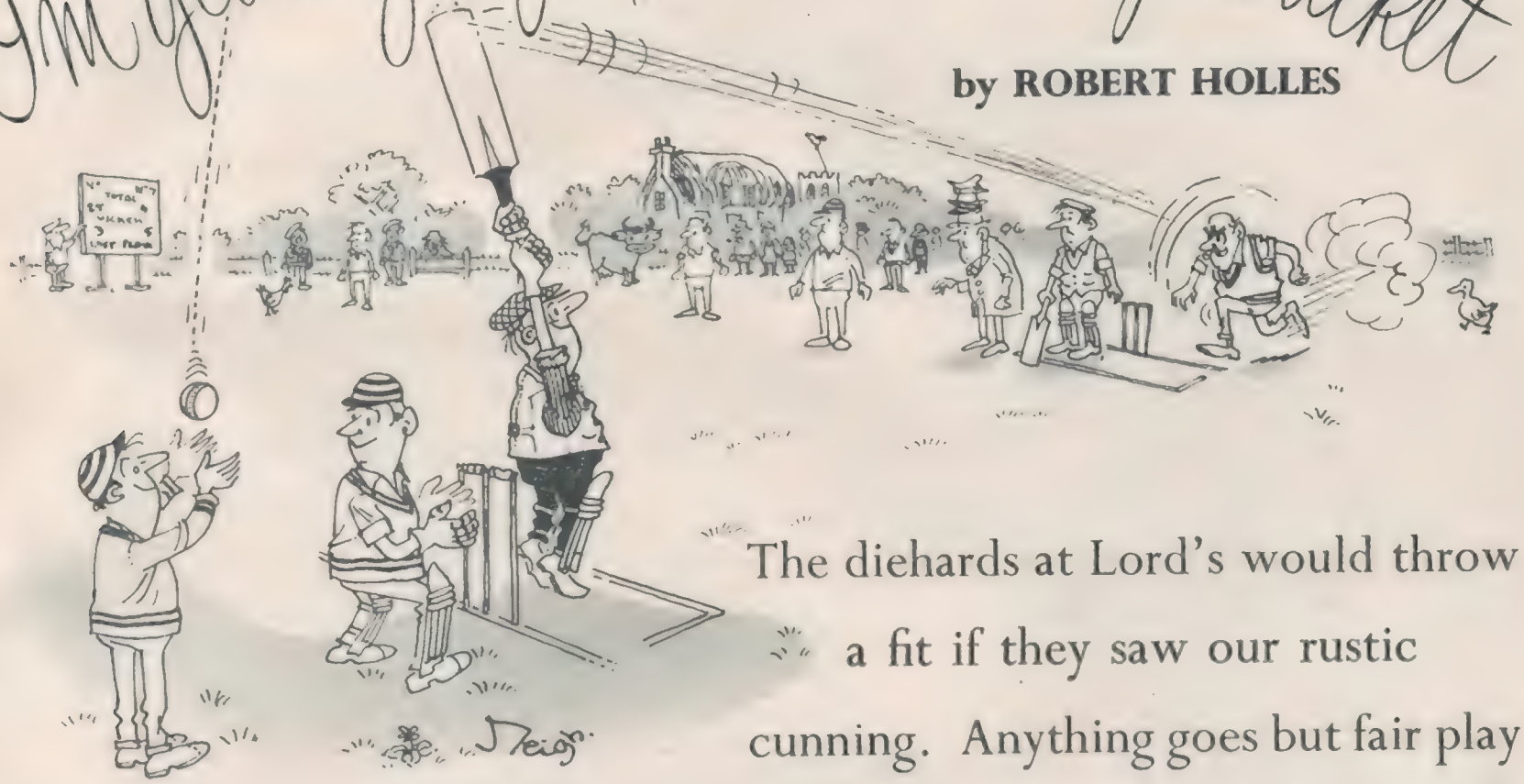
Murderer's bones?

The things the partners find in boxes all over London constantly surprise them. At the height of the investigation into the Haigh murders, Peter Watson-Smyth was helping to plant boxes on a business building next door to the notorious murderer's residence when one of his workers climbed down the ladder and handed him a dirty paper bag. Inside was an assortment of small bones. Watson-Smyth took them to a doctor and after a long examination the physician told him that the bones came from a human hand. Shaken, Watson-Smyth drove to Scotland Yard and gave the bag and its contents to C.I.D. officers in charge of the case.

Two days later one of them called on him at Ashford. "We are most grateful to you for bringing those bones along," he said. "You might like to know that they came from a pig's trotter. It was an office worker's lunch." THE END

I'm getting my eye in at village cricket

by **ROBERT HOLLES**



The diehards at Lord's would throw a fit if they saw our rustic cunning. Anything goes but fair play

LAST April I was cutting the grass verge in front of my cottage at Stebbing, Essex, and talking to a local decorator, Ken Green, who is also secretary of the village cricket club. "I used to be fond of cricket," I told him. "Quite a useful bat in my time."

Green looked towards my garage nearby. Inside was a very small, and by no means powerful, car. "We could use another player for away matches," he said finally. But he looked dubious.

I said hopefully: "I could always get a cricket bag on the luggage rack."

About a fortnight later Green looked in. "Like a game over at Stisted tomorrow afternoon?"

"Fine," I said.

I carried the cricket bag and three of my fellow cricketers. On the way to the game they talked congenially—among themselves.

We fielded first. The opposing village batted eternally. It was a windy, uncomfortable day. Their last man was out just before tea.

After tea the Stebbing captain took out a pencil and started to write down the batting order. He looked towards me. "You any good at umpiring? Our regular umpire couldn't come."

"I haven't done it for a long time," I said.

I put on the white coat. Before I went out I asked: "Will you send out a relief when I'm due to bat?"

"Certainly."

"I suppose I'm pretty well at the bottom of the order?" I joked.

The captain gave a sneering laugh.

I went in last. The captain was at the other end. There were two more balls to the end of the over, and I played them defensively. Then the field changed and the captain faced the bowling. The next ball rattled against his stumps. As we walked back to the pavilion he said: "Do you think you could squeeze in one more going back?"

By the time I had played a few more games I realized that village cricket, far from being a simple, rustic game, is a complicated social exercise. I will go farther and say that it is ninety per cent social and ten per cent game. It is a system of etiquette which changes from place to place and is subject to varying shades and gradations.

Genuine village cricket can usually be distinguished by a relaxed attitude to dress. Whites are not obligatory except for players on the fringe of the team; players as strongly entrenched as the wicket-keeper can wear virtually anything. I have seen an opponent, recruited at the last moment in place of an absentee, walk out to the batting crease in bib and brace overalls. When I faced up to the bowler in a recent match against a team from Felsted, I couldn't help noticing that he was wearing ice-blue, skin-tight jeans. No true village cricketer has ever seen an abdominal guard.

No time for polish

Technical details are usually ignored. Captains set their field with a pointing finger. Boundaries are where the long grass begins.

Batsmen never pat the pitch, or ask for an elaborate guard—middle-and-off, two legs, and so on. When Green umpired a match recently an incoming batsman took no guard at all. Green shouted: "What do you want?" The batsman replied: "Slow uns."

There is no age limit. One member of a Norfolk side insisted on retaining his place although he was past eighty-three. Once, when this veteran was fielding, a gently hit ball rolled through his legs, provoking another member of the team to ask: "Fred—isn't it time you took up bowls?"

He turned round, indignant: "Bowls? That's an old man's game."

Dominant personalities can often impose their mark on a game without the aid of cricketing skill. Some years ago, I played for an army unit, captained by the C.O., against a local village. We fielded first, and fared badly against the brilliantly scornful batting of the opposing captain. Eventually, the colonel, an impetuous man in his sixties, prepared to bowl himself.

He set his field with nagging precision, then ran in to bowl his first ball to the rival captain. The ball came slicing out of his hand and curved towards the batsman as a high, fast lob, passing over his head at a height of about ten feet. Contemptuously the batsman rose on tip-toe and poked his bat towards the flight of the ball, which touched it and glanced off into the hands of first slip.

Nobody dared to laugh. Seventeen runs came from the rest of the over.

To arrive socially in village cricket is to occupy one of the following positions in the team: the first four batsmen, the opening bowlers, the first change bowler and the wicket-keeper. These players form the committee.

They are never promoted purely for skill, although they might well have earned their positions on merit. Their social assets are more important—whether they were born in the village, how long they have played for the team, and to a certain extent their professional status. Each village club has an important member who usually combines the office of secretary with the duties of team umpire.

In village cricket every team normally provides its own umpire, who is expected to support his own men. When facing the opposing team's umpire, it is suicidal for a batsman to let the ball hit his pad.

It's social standing that counts, not ability. "I never bowl and rarely bat," says Holles, "but my car gets me in the team"

The new-ball trick

A few years ago Stebbing possessed the best off-spinner in the area, a farmer, who was much more effective when the shine was off the ball. While this process was taking place the opposition often scored a lot of runs. So the Stebbing umpire invariably carried a worn ball polished with shoe shine, and substituted this for the new ball after the first two overs.

A more spontaneous, and equally successful, gambit was practised by a Suffolk village team not long ago. An opposing batsman hit the ball comfortably into the deep and started to run. Midway between wickets, he was horrified to see the ball picked up quite close to the wicket and flung in to the wicket-keeper, who ran him out. Later, he discovered that he had been dismissed by a red-painted coconut-shy ball left over from a fair which had occupied the outfield the previous week.

When I played against Margaret

continued on page 28

"It looks as though we've company," Angus said. And Jeanie gave a gasp as she saw the figure behind them

A gripping new complete story by JOHN DAVIES

THE PUNISHMENT

ANGUS MCKECHNIE reckoned he could handle most problems that were likely to arise in the course of his day's work. But he never bargained on having to deal with anyone like Herbert James Mitchell, armed robber and murderer.

And he had Jeanie with him at the time, which didn't make things any easier.

Angus had had to run the launch on his own that day, Dougal having gone down again with his lumbago. But it didn't matter. The big storm had blown itself out the night before. The weather was settled again, the sea was calm, and there were no heavy jobs on hand.

The only thing was, he got tired of his own company. So, when he had to make a last late trip over to Skye, he walked up to the house first and asked Jeanie if she would like to go with him.

She was glad to go. Jeanie hadn't been married to Angus so long that she didn't get lonely, too, all day in the house by herself.

She thought a wee jaunt in the launch would be fun. It was a nice night, soft and still, with a moon coming up. It would be a treat to be out there on the water.

They left Mallaig at about eight o'clock with some gear that was wanted over at Armadale. They delivered it to young Jamie Macdonald, who was on night duty in the little harbour office there, and Jamie gave Angus the message that had just come in from a drifter about the Chieftain buoy. By ten o'clock Angus and Jeanie were on their way back across the sound.

They were about a mile out when the stowaway showed himself. Jeanie was at the wheel. She liked to steer, and Angus was glad to let her, when the weather was calm. He was standing beside her in the little sentry-box wheelhouse when a sound in the doorway made him turn his head. He looked, and then he took his pipe out of his mouth and said in a quiet and easy way: "It looks as though we've company, lass."

Jeanie looked round, and gasped. Angus's big arm went round her, to keep her steady as she held the wheel.

The man in the doorway said: "You got company all right, and you better treat it nice and polite. Know what this is?"

Something in his hand glinted in the pale moonlight coming in through the wheelhouse.

Angus said: "Aye. A gun."

"Smart boy. Maybe you're even smart enough to know who I am?" The man took a menacing step in from the doorway. "Mitchell. That mean anything to you?"

Mitchell. The police had been down at Mallaig harbour the day before, with pictures and a description. Police pictures, front and side face, with a number across the foot of them. Herbert James Mitchell. Serving a long term in a north of England jail for robbery with violence. Escaped. At large twenty-one days to date. Traced to Glasgow a week ago. Recognized in Portree, Isle of Skye, two days ago, by a police officer. Had acquired a firearm. Shot the police officer while the latter was making an arrest.

All harbour workers and boat operators are warned. . . .

Angus said: "You're on the run, and you shot a bobby."

Mitchell said quickly: "Is he dead?"

Angus forced a laugh. He could feel Jeanie trembling and he gave her a comforting squeeze. "Dead?" he said. "You scarcely touched him. You couldn't hit a haycock with that thing."

Mitchell seemed to relax a little, but he didn't lower the gun. He said: "Better not be too sure about that. And better watch your lip. I'm telling you who I am just so you know what'll come if you try anything funny."

Mildly Angus said: "I'm no' wanting to try anything funny."

Jeanie said in a high, taut voice: "Why are you on this boat? What do you want?"

MITCHELL ignored her. He jerked the gun at Angus. "What boat is it? Who are you?"

Angus said: "Maintenance launch. I work for the Mallaig harbour board."

"That means you know the coast around here pretty well."

Angus grunted: "Aye."

"O.K." There was grim satisfaction in Mitchell's voice now. "You know somewhere nice and quiet where you can put me ashore?"

"Maybe."

"I don't want any maybe—and I don't want any tricks. You got charts aboard?"

"Aye."

"Where?"

"In the cabin."

"We'll go down and take a look at them. I want to see where I'm going." The gun jerked again. "Don't think I don't know about charts either. Don't try to pull anything."

Angus's brain was working fast, but all he could do for the moment was stall for time. He said: "I'm no' daft. I'm only wanting to get rid of you."

"Smart boy again. Now get moving."

Angus hesitated. Then he gave Jeanie another squeeze and turned towards the door. Jeanie said quickly, shakily: "Angus, don't leave me. . . ."

Mitchell took a quick step towards the wheel. He slapped Jeanie's face twice, with his palm and with the back of his hand. He said: "Shut up and steer the boat." He swung round on Angus. "I said get moving."

Angus stood rigid, the blood drumming in his ears. Then he slowly unclenched his fists. Jeanie was staring straight ahead. She was steering. He said: "Are you all right, lass?" She didn't answer, and he couldn't see her face in the dim light. He watched her anxiously until Mitchell cursed and moved towards him with the gun. Then he turned and led the way below.

In the cabin he brought out the large-scale chart of the Sound of Sleat, the narrow strip of water between the island of Skye and the Scottish mainland. As he laid it on the table, he glanced quickly at Mitchell. A big man, heavy-featured, in a crumpled and mudstained dark suit. There was a stubble of black beard on his face, and his eyes were hunted.

A desperate, dangerous man. He had already killed the policeman. Angus had caught himself up on that one just in time. If Mitchell knew he'd killed once, he wouldn't be too fussy about doing it again.

Think. Work something out. The memory of the way the brute had struck Jeanie filled Angus with cold rage. He fought it down. Think what to do. Go on playing for time.

He said: "No' so very clever, was it, hiding on an island?"

The hunted look grew in Mitchell's eyes. He said: "You go where you can." Then the bullying arrogance came back. "Anyway, it *was* clever, see? They know I'm too smart to do a dumb thing like that. That's why I did it. Now shut up and show me where I can land."

They pored over the chart side by side, in a strange companionship. Angus might have tried to jump Mitchell then, in spite of the gun, if he'd had only himself to think about. But there was Jeanie. He couldn't risk it with her aboard. And Mitchell knew it.

The chart gave every detail of the sound, and features of the land for a mile or so in from the sea. Angus's eyes ranged over the familiar coastline, seeing it as clearly as if the physical reality lay before him in the light of day. Mountains running down to steep cliffs and the sea. Lonely coves. . . .

Automatically he looked for the dangers to a boat running in to beach. The Chieftain buoy caught his eye. He stared at it, recalling the message the drifter had sent in.

SUDDENLY his heart was thumping hard again, this time with hope instead of rage.

Mitchell said, "Well, where?"

Angus pointed to the Chieftain buoy. He said: "How about just here? That's a wreck buoy—a boat called the Chieftain went down there a year ago. There's a wee cove, and a path up the cliff——"

Mitchell glared at him suspiciously. "You're being very helpful all of a sudden."

"I want you off the boat, that's all. I'm thinking of my wife."

"You better not be trying anything funny. . . ."

Angus said: "It's on the chart—there can't be anything funny about that, can there?" He pointed. The Chieftain buoy had its name and description under it: *Wreck, Fl. Grn.* "That means a flashing green light—but you'll be knowing that. And here's the path up the cliffs." He traced it with his finger.

There was a silence that seemed to go on for ever. Then Mitchell said: "O.K. You can put me off there."

They went up to the wheelhouse again. Jeanie neither spoke nor turned her head when they came in. Angus went over to her. He took the wheel from her and said gently: "Lassie, you'd better be getting down below."

Mitchell said roughly, "No tricks. She stays here."

Jeanie shrank away from him, huddling against the back of the wheelhouse.

The lights of Mallaig lay ahead. The Chieftain buoy was some four miles to the northward along the coast. Angus altered course towards it. He steered in silence.

A green light flashed out beyond the launch's bows. The flashing grew brighter. Soon they were within fifty yards of the buoy. They were close inshore now. The sea was silver, but

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

This man was a killer—and didn't know it. But that wasn't why I was out to trap him

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JB4

The punishment

continued from previous page

the high cliffs of the mainland hung black and frowning over the launch.

Angus throttled down. He took the hand Aldis lamp from its bracket and switched it on. The port window of the wheelhouse was open. The narrow beam of light leaped out through it towards the buoy.

"Put that light out," Mitchell snarled. There was a touch of panic in his voice.

Angus kept the light trained steadily on the buoy. The name CHIEFTAIN showed in bone-white letters as it turned in the tide. He switched the lamp off and returned it to its stowage. "Just to show you I'm no' playing tricks," he said. "If you're going, you'd better get moving—we'll be there in a minute. I'll not be able to do more than touch her on the beach. You'll have to jump for it from the bows."

Mitchell didn't answer, and the back of Angus's neck seemed to prickle. What would the devil do now? Would he make them both land with him? Or would he knock them both over the head before he went?

Suddenly Mitchell was gone. Angus saw him as a dark shape up in the bows. The launch touched and he jumped.

Angus put the launch into reverse. It drew off. He turned it in a tight circle. He said: "It's all right, now, lass. He's gone."

Jeanie didn't move. She didn't speak.

Angus headed the launch for the Chieftain buoy. He cut the engine as the launch came up to it. He left the wheelhouse and, as the buoy bumped alongside, got a light line through its ring to secure it. He went back to the wheelhouse, took Jeanie by the shoulders and shook her gently. "Come on, lass, we've got work to do." He pushed her out of the wheelhouse ahead of him. He didn't need her help, but it would do her good to be occupied.

The buoy's trailing mooring rope must have caught on some snag that had anchored it here—it was in the storm of the night before, of course, that it had broken adrift. Angus rove a heavier line through the ring, then made Jeanie help him work the davit to haul the buoy aboard. He switched off the light mechanism and cut the mooring rope away. "That's fine," he said. "Now we'll be putting it back."

He took Jeanie by the hand and led her up to the wheelhouse again. She seemed a little more in command of herself now. As they were going in through the door, Angus thought he heard a shout from the beach, and his lips twisted in the grim shadow of a smile.

The drifter had reported the buoy as being about a mile out of position to the northward, and Angus reckoned that was about right.

HE ran the launch back along the black line of the cliffs to the little cove off which the wreck of the Chieftain lay. There he put the buoy down again, near enough to where it ought to be. Its position could be checked later, in daylight. They would have to have it up and re-lay it again anyway, since the job he was doing now was only a temporary one.

Even so, it took quite a while. He worked thoroughly, unhurriedly, as he always did, while the launch lay quietly at anchor, a dark speck on the silver sea.

At last it was done and he turned to Jeanie. "There, that'll do. Now we'll go down and have a cup of tea. I'm thinking we've earned it."

He led her down to the cabin. He made a pot of tea and reached into the store locker for the rum bottle. He put a good spot of rum into Jeanie's mug before he handed it to her.

Jeanie sipped from the thick mug. At last she spoke. "Where is he?" she whispered.

Angus grinned at her. "Getting his feet wet by now, I'm thinking."

It was two hours since he had put Mitchell ashore. The tide had been rising all the time. The little beach Mitchell had landed on would have been covered long ago.

The water would go on rising. It was a long while yet to high tide. And there was no way up the cliff where Mitchell was. There were a few ledges at the high tide mark where a man might cling, but above them was a great overhang that was quite unscaleable.

Angus thought of Mitchell at bay there under the great black rock wall, with the silver sea reaching ever nearer and nearer. And there was a feeling of calm satisfaction in his heart.

The man was a murderer, and in the fullness of time he would reap his reward for that. But he had also struck Jeanie, and that meant more to Angus McKechnie than anything else he might have done.

In due course Angus would take the launch in to Mallaig and tell the police where Herbert James Mitchell was. But first he had a personal punishment to inflict.

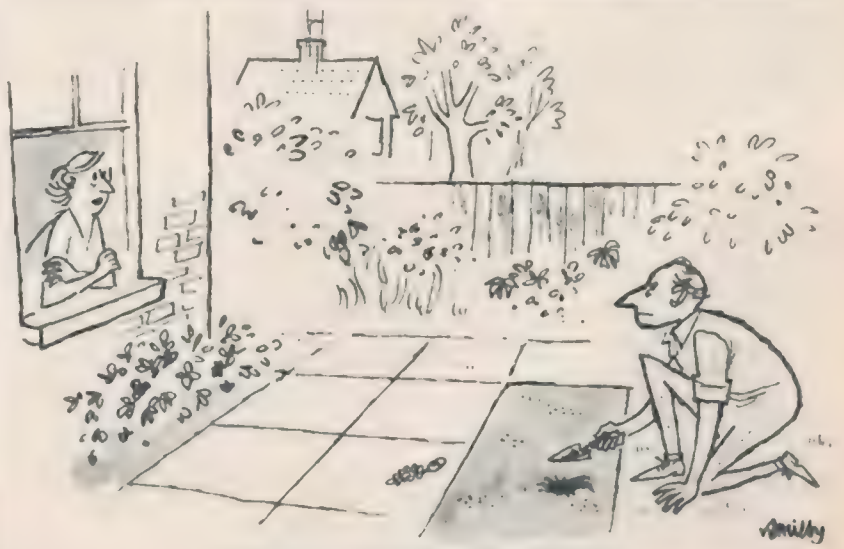
He was inflicting it now. THE END

© *John Davies, 1959*

TEARS—I

In youth one has tears without grief; in age, griefs without tears.

Joseph Roux



"Don't you think you should plant it farther away from the house?"

Do you collect
HAPPY MEMORIES?

Holiday time is the season for souvenir hunting. Building up your own collection of trophies can be an inexpensive hobby, adding interest to your travels and charm to your home, says ROGER SMITHELLS

Junk? Not a bit of it! Not to the collector, anyway. You don't want your house to look quite like this, but one or two of these pieces, or even half a dozen, would make a pretty display in your home

WHENEVER we take a pleasure trip at home or abroad we bring back a jug. In consequence we have a large and mongrel collection of jugs each of which carries the memory of some place we have known and loved. These are not collector's pieces—none cost more than a few shillings—but most are made of local ware with a special local character.

There is nothing remarkable about this collection but it has a special meaning for us and you can't have too many jugs, anyhow. Most of our jugs are in daily use, some for drinks, some as flower vases, but some just stand around and earn their keep by looking pretty. They make charming ornaments.

Ornaments play exactly the same part in interior decoration as jewels do in the world of fashion. They serve no practical purpose. China figurines won't keep you warm, any more than ear-rings keep your pants up. You can get along very well without them. But a few selected items in the right places can have a brilliant effect on a room, drawing attention to the best features, distracting attention from the worst, giving sparkle and personality to an interior which might otherwise be dull.

Your choice of ornaments gives as good a picture of your character as an X-ray does of your interior. The objects on your chimney piece are manifestations of your independence, your pride, your sense of humour, your discrimination, your acquisitiveness and your inquisitiveness about people and things. If there's nothing on your chimney piece but a photograph or two and a pair of candlesticks, it means either that you don't take much interest in life or that you hate dusting.

Choosing an ornament is a personal matter. No one can help you do it or advise you. But there are two useful rules.

The first rule is to make sure the ornaments suit their background. Horse brasses look as silly decorating an Adam fireplace as plastic jewellery would look with a Hartnell gown. Most ornaments are either cottagey or sophisticated. If your house is one or the other, choose your ornaments to match. If your home is nondescript, your choice is free and you can use what ornaments you like to create the atmosphere you want. But mix your ornaments with care. Don't put crude Staffordshire pottery alongside Dresden porcelain shepherdesses or display coarse slipware in the same cabinet as Crown Derby.

Back your fancy

The second rule is even simpler. Choose ornaments that you like—things that thrill you by their beauty, their workmanship, their history, their mysterious origin or their uniqueness. You won't go far wrong if you do this. But if you choose things because you think you ought to like them, or because they're expensive, or fashionable, you're bound to make mistakes. It is mortifying to discover, when you've spent a lot of money on an ornament you thought would impress your friends, that it is a worthless fake.

Don't be surprised if you find your taste is changing all the time. This is inevitable, for you are changing, too, as your knowledge and experience grows. Don't be surprised, either, if other people delight in ornaments that you wouldn't dream of having in your own home. This is inevitable, too. Stuffed fish, china rabbits, samplers. Victorian silver and skeleton clocks leave me cold; but I am sure that, to the initiated, these things have their finer points. I am not prepared to believe that there *are* any finer points in funny plaster doggies, brass pixies, thatched-cottage wall plaques, or those clumsy articles made out of shells which fill the windows of seaside gift shops. About these things I am full of relentless prejudice.

Though there is a place in every home for the important single ornament, as a centrepiece or at the end of a vista, ornaments as a whole are more effective arranged in groups, in cabinets, on shelves or hanging on the wall. If the

group is to look well, each piece should bear some relation to the others. A mixed group is effective if it is held together by the taste of the person who chose the objects and knew instinctively what goes with what. But people who do not possess this clear taste—and few of us do—can get happy results by grouping together pieces which come from the same district, are made of the same material, or at about the same time, or serve the same purpose. This is why collections are easier to display than random pieces.

Collecting is a natural instinct with human beings, just as it is with jackdaws and magpies. Every child collects stamps or coins or engine numbers or something.

Although most of us seem to lose this instinct when we leave school, it is still there, lying dormant, and can easily be revived.

Collecting need not be expensive. There are dozens of things you can collect, and use decoratively, that have no cash value at alf—shells, pebbles, feathers, and the skulls of small animals and birds for instance. And there are valuable collections of pipe stoppers, wooden spoons, lead soldiers, watch stands or moustache cups, the individual items of which have cost practically nothing.

Collecting is also a fascinating hobby, and one which makes every spare moment more interesting. There is endless satisfaction in picking up for a few shillings in a country junk shop, or at a sale, an unusual pair of sugar nippers, a nice copper mould, a coffee "can" or a horsebrass that fits in with your collection. Don't be too selective in your collecting at first, or you may go for months and travel hundreds of miles without adding a single piece; but on the other hand, if you concentrate on something unusual you may find, as you gain in knowledge, that you have become almost an authority on your subject.

Among the more unusual collections I have come across are early medicine bottles, baby's feeding bottles, keys, skewers, mechanical toys, caddy spoons, cork pictures, buttons, purses and money boxes. Every one of these is capable of being displayed in decorative groups.

A word of warning. Don't let the collecting bug get out of hand, or you may find yourself living very uncomfortably in a museum full of monsters, or driven crazy by the ticking and chiming of a houseful of grandfather clocks.

Display

The method of displaying a collection depends on the objects to be displayed. Coins, watches and seals require very different treatment from wax fruits, dolls or musical boxes. Fragile articles and things which are impossible or difficult to dust should be kept behind glass.

Weapons like swords and pistols should always be kept out of reach of young children.

The choice of a suitable background is important. Glass, polished metals and most china look well against a background dark in tone and strong in colour, and this helps to tie the collection together into a decorative group. But a mixed collection of coloured china demands a neutral background, grey, beige or black, contrasting in tone with the china. Contrast in texture is also valuable. Fine-quality china looks even finer against a strongly textured background, such as coarse linen.

Lighting, too, deserves most careful attention. Whatever the treasures they look their best when well lit, and it is difficult to arrange anything so that it looks equally good by daylight and by artificial light. Concealed lights in cabinets or recesses, and picture lights above wall displays, are the solution here. They can always be switched on to show off the collection, and at night they may give enough background illumination, in halls and bathrooms as well as living- and dining-rooms, to make other side-lights unnecessary.

Bottles and decanters

The first object of a display is to embellish your home. The showing off of the individual items takes second place. Nevertheless, the two objects usually coincide. For instance, bottles and decanters look very well when filled with coloured liquids and seen against the light; and it is often possible to use this in order to make a decorative feature of a window with a poor outlook, by fitting shelves across the window recess and arranging the bottles on them. Decorative bottles look splendid, too, with a mirror as a background, and many a bathroom would be improved by a display of this kind.

Displays generally can be divided into two kinds—formal (symmetrical) and informal. The formal, apart from being very much easier to arrange, is often the more rewarding. It should be used whenever it is possible to place the display against some central feature—above the fireplace, on either side of the fireplace, in the corners of the fireplace wall, in the centre of any wall, between two windows or at the end of a vista in hall or passage. Informal display is a matter of balancing a large or important object on one side against a number of smaller objects on the other.

Six tips for collectors

1. Don't overcrowd a display. One or two items of fine quality often look better than a crowd of inferior pieces in a cabinet.
2. It doesn't matter whether the individual items of a collection are decorative in themselves—it is the way they are arranged that counts.
3. A display of ornaments such as teapots, which hold water, can be much enhanced if a few flowers are introduced into the display. The natural colours and shapes of the flowers set off the colours and shapes of the ornaments. Both look better for the combination.
4. Corner cabinets are excellent for displaying collections of all kinds, and are useful in very small rooms because they take up virtually no floor space.
5. Coloured glass looks well in a double-sided glass cabinet, used as a room divider, or introduced into an internal wall (between dining-room and kitchen, or hall and living-room).
6. Coloured dyes for use in decorative glass displays can be obtained from any chemist. A few drops of formaldehyde prevents "growths" from forming in the water.

Seen at their best

Background, grouping, and your own choice of what to put with what, all add up to an attractive display

A plain, dark background makes a pleasant foil for a group of lustre decorated mugs and a framed miniature

The severe plainness of this stripped pine corner cabinet shows off to advantage the rich curves and colours of the teapots and dishes it holds

An assorted group of ornamental bottles filled with coloured water makes a striking display in a disused doorway or hatch, or a view-less window

ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull : Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. Please send a rough drawing or diagram if this will help to make your problem clear

Blind to the Sun

by ROGER SMITHELLS

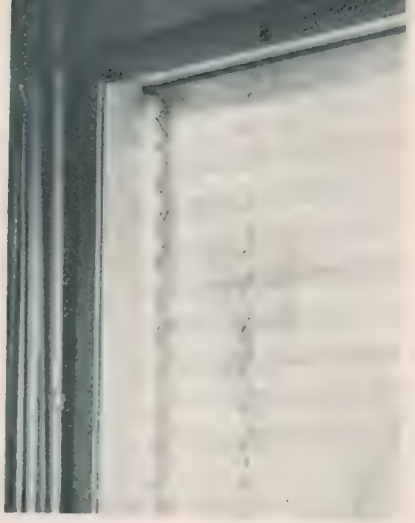
THIS year's weather prophets have rashly promised us a scorching hot summer. To make sure your house is a cool haven from the burning rays, fit sunblinds.

Sunblinds make a more satisfactory protection than drawn curtains, because they are slatted, to let in plenty of light and air, without letting in enough to crack furniture or fade carpets.

There is a large variety of attractive sunblinds on the market with prices which vary according to type. The more expensive adjustable slatted venetian blinds will give you very long wear. Wooden or paper blinds will not last as long, but cost much less.

VENETIAN blinds with high gloss stove enamel finish aluminium slats are available in a wide range of colours, with matching or contrasting tapes, and one- or two-coloured slats. They are adjustable so that you can enjoy as much or as little light as you want. In the picture is a Sunway Vevo blind, fitted with the new Invisible Tapes, which are made of Terylene web, measuring only one-sixteenth of an inch across. These are now fitted to all the Sunway models, allowing more light to come in and making the blind easier to clean. Prices start at 69s. for a 2 ft. by 2 ft. blind. Made by Venetian Vogue Ltd., Slough, Bucks.

THE English version of the Eastern bamboo blind is Pinoleum. This is made up of matchstick-thin pieces of wood, woven together with thin white string. These blinds can be bought by the yard as you require them, in widths up to 78 in. Prices range from 7s. 1d. a yard, in natural, like the one in the picture, or 24 in. wide, at 9s. 4d. per yard, in dark green, and 14s. 6d. per yard in a range of bright colours. They can also be purchased in ready-made lengths, which are trimmed top and bottom, and mounted on rollers. These blinds are made by William O'Hanlon & Co. Ltd., 3-4 Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.



ANOTHER Eastern idea is the fibre paper blind. These blinds are accordion pleated with cords, so that they can be pulled up when you don't need them. They are slotted all over with tiny slots which let in enough but not too much light. In a pleasing natural creamy colour, they are ready-made with cords and a top batten—all you have to do is screw them to the window frame. In many sizes up to 104 in. wide, all the blinds are 7 ft. deep. Starting size, 18 in., price 14s. These blinds are called Balastore, and are supplied by the Airelite Venetian Blind Co., Watkin Road, Exhibition Grounds, Wembley Park, Middlesex.

Using a do-it-yourself kit to make your own venetian blind practically halves the cost. This Sunmaster kit contains material to make 15 sq. ft. of blind in any shape you want. The slats come in a continuous roll which you cut up to the sizes you require. A special punch makes holes for the cords, and the slotted tapes have nylon fixing pieces at the top, with a locking device for the cords. Weights at the bottom keep the blind in place. The price for one kit is 65s. in a choice of six colours. Extra rolls of slat (7 sq. ft.) cost 24s. 6d., and extra 6 ft. tape assemblies 21s. From Gamages, Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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I bury our tombstone floor

Roger Smithells tackles an old-house problem

WHEN we moved into our present house I promised to do something about the flagstone floor in the kitchen. Two centuries of wear had left their mark. The stones were cracked, worn, uneven and cold as the tomb. Our builder suggested pulling the whole thing up and laying a splendid new concrete floor. I took one look at his estimate and decided that this would have to be another do-it-yourself job.

Many JOHN BULL readers have written to me about this problem of dealing with old stone and tiled floors. I found my solution—and maybe yours—in a latex paste with very strong adhesive properties which stays resilient even when it is bone dry. The thinnest layer sticks firmly without risk of cracking or flaking. Using this Armstrong Floor Fill Paste, I was able to level up cracks and uneven patches in the flagstones without disturbing the old floor at all.

The paste is supplied as a dry powder and separate mixing liquid. Because it dries quickly, I mixed small quantities at a time and was able to carry out the job at odd times over several days. When filling the deeper holes I added sawdust to the paste to increase bulk and resilience. In case the floor suffers from rising damp, I painted over the old surface with two layers of Synthaprufe bituminous emulsion before I applied the Floor Fill.

Because the stone sub-floor was hard and chilly, we chose Vynoleum as a floor covering. This felt-backed plastic sheeting combines the softness and warmth of carpet underlay with the washable, hygienic qualities of linoleum or plastic tiles. I cut it to shape with scissors and stuck it to the sub-floor with its own brand of adhesive. We chose an all-over pattern in light and dark blue, which will not show every footmark, and finished the surface with a wax emulsion which needs no polishing.

Armstrong Floor Fill Paste is made by the Armstrong Cork Co. Ltd., Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2. Vynoleum is made by The Adamite Co. Ltd., 94-98 Petty France, London, S.W.1. Synthaprufe is made by National Coal Board By-Products, Docks, Cardiff. Readers interested in these products should write direct for further information.

The floor as we found it with its ancient cracked uneven flagstones

After damp proofing I levelled the surface with Floor Fill Paste

Now the flexible Vynoleum felt-backed flooring is trimmed to shape

The finished job—level, warm, washable, patterned in two tones of blue

Adhesive is applied over the floor with a serrated plywood spreader

They've posted Sgt. Bilko to Britain

continued from page 7

knew it. It's one of the thousands of 'bits' which comedians used in vaudeville and burlesque. Many people would think it corny. But done properly it can still produce a laugh."

Bilko's lampooning of military authority has not endeared him to all officers and n.c.o.s of the U.S. Army. At one time so many officers protested to the high command in Washington that the Pentagon appointed a technical adviser to the show.

Not long ago Sergeant Bilko found himself cited in a Los Angeles matrimonial court. A housewife complained that her husband was "repeatedly hostile" because she laughed at Bilko and his bold irreverence for army command.

The judge asked her: "What makes him so wild? The show is a comedy."

"Your Honour, my husband was a colonel."

One of the programme's keenest admirers, however, is President Eisenhower. He never misses a show. When state business keeps him from his television set at the scheduled time he asks for the film to be shown privately at the White House.

Curiously enough, it was a "live" performance before Eisenhower and other members of the U.S. Government which led Silvers into television and the Bilko series. This was at the annual television and radio correspondents' dinner held in Washington.

Silvers opened his act by standing silently on the dais for twenty seconds, surveying the audience. Everyone was there: the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, senators and congressmen. Silvers brought the house down when he drawled: "Who's minding the store?"

Silvers said later: "In all honesty, I have to admit that that night I was a hit." Among the guests at the show were Columbia Broadcasting System executives. They later offered Silvers a television series to be written by one of America's best comedy scriptwriters, Nat Hiken. Together, Silvers and Hiken considered dozens of formats: busybody brother-in-law, manager of a baseball team and proprietor of a combined gymnasium and rehearsal hall were among the rôles considered.

Bilked at Bilko

"I didn't like Bilko at first," says Silvers, "but the immediate reaction of the C.B.S. executives was to tell us to put twenty Bilko shows on film."

Their confidence in the Bilko character was amply justified when, six weeks after the series went on the air, it became America's most popular television comedy.

Silvers is a volatile personality who is nearly always nervy on the set. When he is not performing, he paces up and down off-stage or sits feverishly biting his nails. Until recently he suffered from insomnia.

Once, in an hotel above New York's Copacabana night club, he was so restless that he put on his dressing gown, took the lift downstairs and staggered wearily into the plush night club. Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis were in the middle of their act. Silvers walked on to the dais and said in a loud voice: "Hold it down, boys. I'm trying to sleep upstairs."

He has been married twice. The first time, in 1945, his bride was a former Miss America. Silvers could not then settle down to married life. That first marriage lasted two years.

In 1956 Silvers married a television actress named Evelyn Patrick. "It took me a year and a half to talk him into it," says his wife. "He kept telling me that it wouldn't be fair to make me share his kind of life. I kept telling him that his kind of life wasn't what he wanted. Now he knows it."

TEARS—2

It is only kindred griefs that draw forth our tears, and each weeps really for himself.

Heine

The youngest of eight children, Silvers was brought up in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, a district which has also produced many of America's outstanding gangsters. Philip Silvers entered show business as a "breakdown singer" at a local cinema: every time the film broke down, Silvers sang to the customers.

For years he was a small-time comic in vaudeville and burlesque shows. Then, in 1939, he got a part in a musical comedy called *Yokel Boy*. This led to Hollywood contracts with M-G-M and Twentieth Century-Fox.

"In all, I played in twenty-three pictures," he says. "I always played the same type of rôle. I was always cast as Blinky, the hero's good friend, who told the girl, usually Betty Grable, in the last reel that the hero really loved her."

In 1946 Silvers left the film colony when he got the comedy lead in the Broadway show *High Button Shoes*. Since then, he has realized his true destiny: to play lovable larcenists.

The factor in his television contract which really tempted him was that he would not have to play "a nice guy."

Silvers says: "I can make any villain lovable and sympathetic. I don't know why it is. Maybe it's because I was brought up in Brownsville and I always wanted to become a man who could fix horse races or second deal himself four aces in a poker game. But I lacked what thieves call a grift sense. About the only thing I could do was to play the part of a villain. It's safer this way—and more profitable, too." THE END

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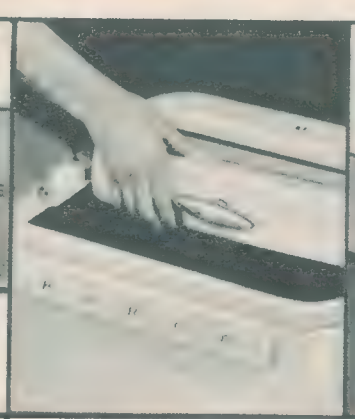

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FEATURED ON GRANADA ITV.

I'm getting my eye in at village cricket

continued from page 19

Roding, the opposition was bundled out for five runs in spite of the home umpire, who steadfastly refused to give a Margaret Roding man out unless he was bowled. After one occasion, when a batsman had lifted a gentle, easy catch into the hands of a slip fielder, and stayed at the wicket, criticism became vocal. But the umpire was a man of experience and resource. As the Stebbing bowler went back to bowl the next ball he complained loudly: "Would you mind not running in front of me when you bowl? I can't see what's happening at the other end."

Some umpires are inconveniently self-willed. During one village game in Yorkshire, a home batsman was rapidly nearing his century. He turned towards the pavilion and yelled to the scorer: "'Ow many more do ah want for me 'undred?"

"Five," came the reply.

The next ball was a virtual wide. The batsman swung wildly at it, and the ball hit his outstretched leg. Jokingly, the bowler appealed for lbw. He was astonished when the umpire upheld his appeal.

As the batsman stalked furiously off the field the umpire commented: "Big 'ead. Fancy shoutin', 'Ow many more do ah want for me 'undred.'"

Fifty years ago the president of the Stebbing club was the squire. The vice-presidents included such local notabilities as the novelist, H. de Vere Stacpoole. The team was captained by the vicar and included the chapel minister. As late as 1938 the Stebbing captain insisted on taking the field formally at the head of his men. But in recent years the village factions have combined against infiltration by commuting business men and townee settlers who learned their cricket at school, kept it up in the Services, and play it according to *Wisden*.

In many cases the townees have triumphed. A nearby village team is run by a company director. "Every weekend he has his friends down from London to play," says Green. "The village lads can't get a game."

As a result of townee infiltration, village settlers are only admitted to the inner councils of village cricket after a long apprenticeship has proved that they have absorbed and recognized local rules.

I soon discovered that it was difficult to advance in the batting order. A naturally defensive batsman, I like a few overs to settle down.

I noticed that a hearty, lungeing, get-on-or-get-out style prevailed right through the batting order, and most of the team were better at it than I. But in my third game I managed to hit an elegant four before my partner was out. In the next game, against the neighbouring village of Lindsell, I was promoted to number seven.

There had been rain at Lindsell. The pitch was like a pudding and the outfield was a jungle. Lindsell's main asset was a slow bowler who kept a good length. I watched his first ball carefully; it dropped wide of the off stump and turned in. I tried to stun it, and edged it on to my pads. Several fielders appealed for lbw. The umpire raised his finger.

When I returned to the pavilion I said: "Imagine that. I play it on to my pads and I am given out lbw." There was a cold silence. For the next game I was back at number eleven.

I found it impossible to get a chance to bowl. In one early game, both sides were out before tea. Afterwards the captains decided to have half an hour's batting practice each. When our opponents went in, the Stebbing team bowled in turn. Eventually the captain tossed me the ball. "Would you like to take an over?"

I measured out my run and made a mark. I looked round to see whether the batsman was ready. The umpires had drawn stumps. Play was over.

A number eleven batsman who is barred from bowling and keeping wicket is at a disadvantage. He can distinguish himself only in the field. Consequently, I kept on my toes and hoped for a catch.

After four matches, it came. I was fielding at mid-wicket. The batsman hit the ball hard and high. I ran hard with my eyes on the ball. As I gratefully caught it I cannoned into the captain, who was waiting half-way down the wicket to receive it.

While the batsman was taking his guard the captain pointed towards the far end of the field. "Would you mind going out deep by the boundary?"

My greatest single social advance in village cricket occurred a few weeks later—in my first home game.

The honour, when it finally came, was unexpected. It was a quarter to three on a Saturday afternoon, fifteen minutes after the game was due to start. I was putting a coat of distemper on an outside wall. The head of Green's seven-year-old son suddenly appeared over the top of the garden gate.

"They want to know if you can play," he panted. "Somebody ain't turned up. They said they couldn't get anybody else." THE END

TEARS—3

Crying is the refuge of plain women, and the ruin of pretty ones.

Oscar Wilde

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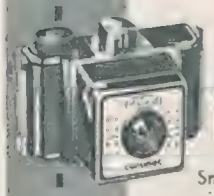

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BE A BETTER DRIVER

by GEORGE EYLES

Chief Examiner of the Institute of Advanced Motorists

How to sense danger

ALTHOUGH a pedestrian can window-gaze and let his mind wander, a motorist cannot afford to relax for even one second; in that time, a car travelling at thirty miles an hour covers forty-four feet.

But the secret of improving your driving skill is not so much a matter of intense concentration on the obvious situations ahead and behind as of anticipating intelligently what is going to happen, or is likely to happen.

It's detective work, in a way; searching for and interpreting clues.

For example, when a stationary vehicle is ahead, and a driver or passenger is sitting on the side nearest to the traffic, be prepared for the door to open without warning.

If feet are visible under the vehicle, it is quite possible that someone will come walking or even running out from behind it.

Puffs of gas from the exhaust of a vehicle indicate that it is liable to move off; a bus conductor's hand raised to ring the bell, or passengers walking back and standing on the rear platform, probably means that the bus is going to stop.

Keep a special watch for aged pedestrians who cannot cross the road quickly, and for cyclists riding abreast, deep in conversation.

When the traffic is heavy try to position your car so that you can see the braking lights of the vehicle in front of the one you are following. If the road is wet the reflection of the braking lights can be seen underneath the vehicle immediately in front.

Take advantage of gaps in walls, buildings and hedges to obtain an early view of what lies ahead.

In the country, wheel-tracks or mud dropped from farm vehicles may be clues to a concealed entrance, and a shadow across the road can let you know whether a gate is open or shut. Overhead telephone wires, running on poles along the side of the road, are often a help in assessing the sharpness of a bend to come. But a word of warning here: sometimes wires veer off sharply across a field.

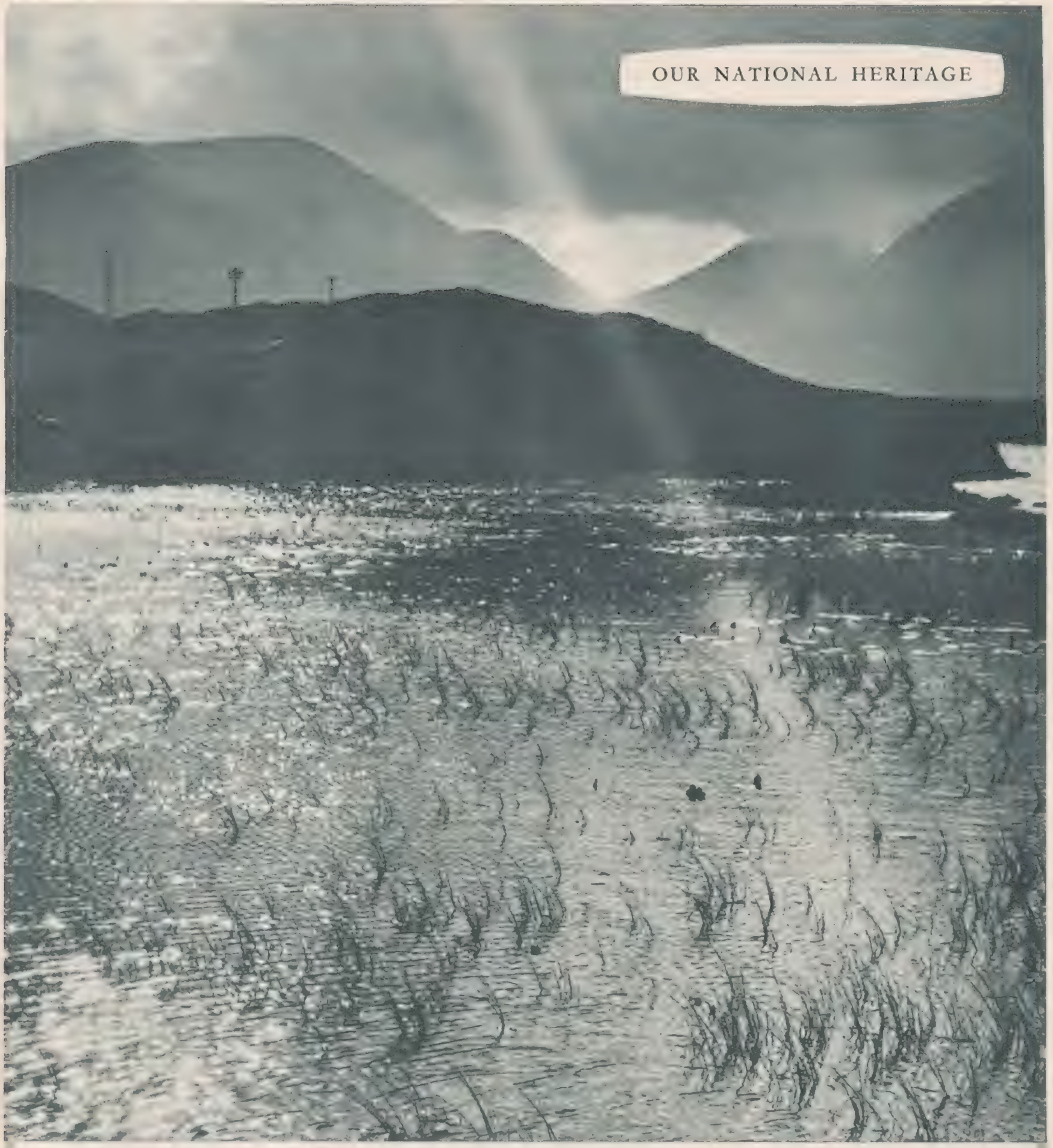
Good road observation does not mean slow driving or over-cautiousness; it means smooth, safe driving and the elimination of unnecessary emergency or panic action. With practice, your powers of observation will improve to a stage where risks will become negligible.

A good opportunity for practising and developing your powers of observation is when you are a passenger in a car—but don't be surprised if you are appalled by your driver's lack of this particular faculty.

Rear observation, of course, is just as important as forward observation; the rear-view mirror should be checked frequently, and *always* before changing speed or altering course.

If the weather is chilly, give yourself the best chance of clear, all-round observation by wiping a demisting cloth on the inside of each window.

The Institute of Advanced Motorists is a non-profit-making organization, its object being to improve the standard of driving and the promotion of road safety. Its address is 21 Harrington Road, London, S.W.7.



THE ISLE OF SKYE, in the words of Sir Walter Scott, 'rivals in grandeur and desolate sublimity anything the Highlands can produce'. Once the home of Viking invaders from Norway, it was to Skye that Prince Charles Edward escaped after Culloden (1746) with the help of Flora Macdonald. The view of the famous Cuillins* from Loch Scavaig is particularly fine. Scott, who visited Skye in 1814, wrote in *The Lord of the Isles* of 'that dread shore That sees grim Coolin rise, and hears Corisken roar'.

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G82

The night of Wenceslas

continued from page 12

somewhat grudging approval and noted her telephone number in my diary.

"Perhaps I will say one thing more," she said, stepping from one long leg to the other and watching my face. The flicker was back in her eye. "My father will not wait for me on Saturday."

"Oh."

"You understand me?"

"Yes. Certainly. Rather."

I wondered if I did.

"Good night, and thank you again," she said warmly.

I said good night, and walked back to the hotel, slightly punch drunk.

VLCEK, a small vulpine character with receding hair and a mania for statistics, accompanied me the next day. He poured into my ear a ceaseless stream of data and was still at it when we reached Tseblic (twenty-three kilometres).

It was swelteringly hot, and the red dye from the Norstrund stained my hands as we trudged for endless hours round the works. Vlcek, who had disappeared at lunch time, joined us again soon after four, and by five we were driving back.

"Well, Pan Whistler, I hope you have some favourable impressions?"

"Yes, indeed."

"I think Kralovsk will interest you more," he said.

He dropped me at the Slovenska. I went up in the lift. Josef was prowling in the corridor.

"Ah, Pan Whistler. You have made good business." He was rubbing his hands, smiling his darkling smile.

"Yes, thanks. A full day, anyway."

"You look hot. It is the humidity. The big storm has not come yet."

"I wish it would soon."

"Never fear. Tonight, perhaps. I should say a Pilsener would suit you."

"I'd say the same."

"Right away," he said.

I went in and through to the bathroom and took a shower. The beer was waiting for me when I came out.

Vlcek, the next morning, seemed more talkative and informative than ever. I was sick with apprehension.

"The meteorological service says all should be well for the parade tomorrow," he told me happily.

"What parade is that?"

"You have not heard?" Vlcek was delighted. "It will be one of the greatest in recent years. One hundred and eight contingents are coming from outlying districts alone. The district of Brno, for instance. . . ."

After a while I stopped listening again, and looked out of the window. Vlcek went on talking ceaselessly. He had not mentioned what the parade was in aid of; I felt far too queasy in mind and stomach to ask him. We were nearing Kralovsk and my palms were sweating on the Norstrund. I was carrying Maura's copy, the other one, in the pocket of my raincoat.

As we entered the office block at Kralovsk, Vlcek said suddenly: "Pan Galushka, the director, is a brilliant man. But he is not perhaps," he smiled uncertainly, "the easiest man to get on with."

I stared at him uneasily.

Pan Galushka awaited us in his office, and the moment we entered I thought I should be sick on the spot. The desk upon which I was discreetly to forget the Norstrund was one of the largest I had ever seen. It was also, except for an ashtray and a diary, totally bare.

Galushka walked over from his desk, hand outstretched. He was a spare man with small uneven eyes and a rather twisted smile. I shook hands numbly.

"Pan Whistler has asked especially from England to see the Zapotocky works," Vlcek said in a rather ingratiating way.

"They still remember our lines in England, then, Pan Whistler?"

"Very well," I said. I licked my lips. "They were very popular."

"I am glad to hear it. Sit down, sit down, Vlcek. Pan Whistler, a chair for you."

There was a certain amount of keffuffle here while we were seated and while Galushka handed round cigarettes, and in the course of it, without any plan or intention to do so, I simply placed the Norstrund on the desk. I looked at it with cold fright.

"Well," Galushka said, "I think I can assure you—Pan Vlcek will correct me if I do not speak the truth—the glass we turn out is as good as it ever was."

"It is so," said Vlcek, speaking to me behind his hand and clowning gruesomely. "But we will not give them swollen heads. Now we will have to see," he said, smiling at Galushka, "if they can fulfil the plan for the year."

"Is our increase not enough for you in Prague?"

"It is useful for a start," said Vlcek, winking at me. "An increase of two hundred and thirty per cent in four years is certainly a useful start."

This hearty joshing about percentages and output had gone on yesterday and seemed to be the form for commencing Discussions. Vlcek, however, appeared to be working overtime to show that it was all in fun.

Galushka was looking me over carefully. He said: "At any rate, you will find no change from the old Pavelka ware, except for the better. I worked in this factory for many years with old Pavelka, you know. I doubt if he would recognize the place now. We have grown. Of course it could have happened in his time if he had put the interests of the industry first."

"He was a good employer, quite a progressive manufacturer according to his lights," Vlcek said, in some embarrassment, glancing at me.

"A paternalist," said Galushka.

OUR conversation seemed to be taking a decidedly odd turn, and I sat frightened out of my life. I had no wish to discuss Pavelka. It was as much as I could do to keep my eyes away from the Norstrund. I had a sudden horrible suspicion that Galushka knew all about it, and was playing with me.

The Discussions then formally began. Cunliffe had supplied me with a list of questions to ask. Galushka, fortunately, was a man obsessed with his subject.

After what seemed several hours, Vlcek became mildly restive, and Galushka, looking at his watch, apologized. "Pan Whistler asks questions, I must answer. But we've almost missed our lunch, my friends. Come, we can continue at table."

He stood up. We all stood up. The Norstrund remained screaming on the desk.

We ate with three of the departmental managers who had been waiting for us at a round table in a secluded corner of the canteen. There were small crossed flags, British and Czech, as a decoration in the middle of the table. I found myself drinking too much. It did nothing for my nerves but seemed, at least, to assist the food down my throat. I felt sick and light-headed. My legs were trembling under the table.

After lunch we went round the factory. Of this tour round Mr. Pavelka's old works very little remains in the mind. Glass-making is a noisy business. A great deal of the finished product manages to get itself broken. It is also conducted in enormous sheds, very hard on the feet, and in a variety of temperatures ranging from the merely tropical to the oven-like. It is enough to say that by half past three we had finished.

Galushka said he had some papers he wished me to take. I was very glad to hear this, having been distracted half out of my mind over the problem of manoeuvring a return to his office. We went back there. I felt a little sick.

I could see a variety of cock-ups looming, and as I entered the office closed my eyes in a brief wordless prayer. When I opened them I looked at the desk. The Norstrund had gone.

"If you'll just wait one moment," Galushka was saying, pressing a key on his intercom, "I'll get the report on tensile strength that interested you so much." He spoke into the intercom.

"Aren't you well, Pan Whistler," Vlcek said in alarm. "Sit down a moment. It's the heat—you're not used to it. Here, let me help you."

I sat down, sick and shaking. Galushka got me a glass of water. While they were both staring at me in some concern, his girl came in with a sheaf of papers and the Norstrund.

One of the messengers had brought it in to her, she said. Perhaps it belonged to the English gentleman. I said yes, yes, it was indeed mine; I must have mislaid it . . . and sat there a few minutes longer listening to Galushka, and my own voice responding very civilly to his remarks.

Just a little while later I was on the way back to Prague.

I locked the door of the room very carefully behind me and flaked out on the chaise-longue. I was not excited or even nervous. I felt merely exhausted, as if I'd been shovelling for several hours or had gone a few rounds with some nimble-footed flyweight, not a heavy puncher, but fast.

I sat up presently and opened the Norstrund and examined the flyleaf. It was crinkled a little in one corner.

It was not yet half past four. They were trying out loud speakers in the Vaclavske Namesti and I had a violent headache. I rang for a beer.

The row of a military band came in through the open window, but presently stopped. The technicians began testing with numbers. *"Jeden . . . dva . . . tri . . . ctyri. . . ."*

MY throbbing temples had begun to ease when Josef reappeared with the Pilsener. He stood and watched me sip it, smiling.

"It's good?"

"Wonderful." It wasn't wonderful. It was the strong export Pilsener, too tangy for my sour mouth. I thought I'd better write to Maura, as promised. I said: "What time does the post go?"

"From the hotel at six o'clock, from the post office until seven. Someone can always go if it is urgent—the post office is just along the street. It's a letter to England?"

"Yes."

"Better to get it in the six o'clock post. A call at five thirty then, *pane*?"

"Five thirty would be fine."

He went and I took another sip of the Pilsener, but it was too tangy and I got up and went to the bathroom, emptied the glass, and took a drink of water. It seemed very hot.

I took my jacket and shirt off and loosened my belt and lay down again, kicking the raincoat to the foot of the bed. I shoved the Norstrund under the coverlet where I could feel it by my side, and after a minute got up again and put my passport and wallet there, too. Presently the throbbing in my head stopped again and I dozed.

A soft tapping on the door brought me out of it and I lay still with my eyes closed and let Josef come in and shake me. Josef came in, but he didn't shake me. I opened my eyes a slit. He was standing by the door, looking round the room. After a moment he picked up the glass and sniffed it.

I thought: *there was something in the beer*. I knew this couldn't be, that

Everybody's Puzzling

BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

A draughtsman has made a design. On a circle of radius 3 inches, he divided the circumference into 24 equal parts by 24 points.

He then drew a straight line from every other point (try it; it makes a fine design!).

How many straight lines has he drawn?

QUIZZLE

The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

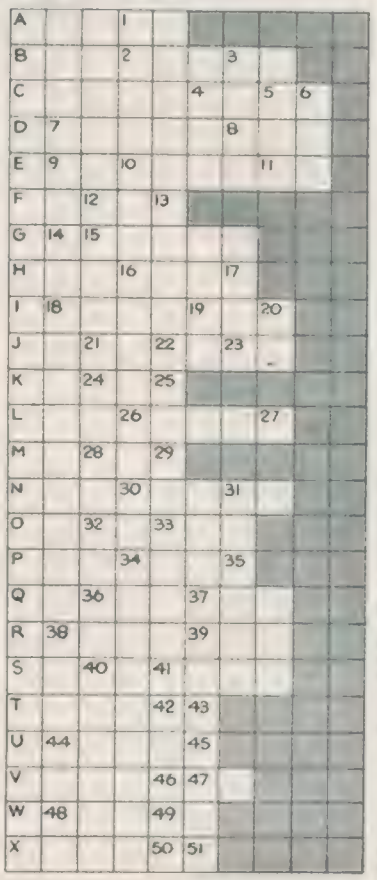
CLUE DOWN

A. According to Juliet, could no bald man experience such poignant emotion? (7, 2, 4, 5, 6).

CLUES ACROSS

A. Crustacean akin to a large shrimp.
B. Type of lily, associated with the dead in Greek mythology.
C. Fill again.
D. Strong cloth waterproofed with tar.
E. One who desires harm to another (3-6).
F. Nick or indentation.
G. Goblin said to vex airmen.
H. Time between.
I. Dregs settling at bottom of liquid.
J. Chinese seaport associated with kidnapping sailors.
K. State where two or more are joined.
L. Set of bells for playing tunes.
M. Coop for pets.
N. Close examination.
O. Migratory waterfowl allied to the wild duck.
P. Everlasting.
Q. Concluding section of book or wireless programme.
R. Song-thrush or mavis.
S. One posted on guard.
T. Of greater length than breadth.
U. List of order for army duties.
V. Regular course of action.
W. Severe trial.
X. The sky.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
51									



NOW TURN TO PAGE 37 FOR THE ANSWERS

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The night of Wenceslas

continued from page 30

I was on edge, that there was no reason why anyone should put anything in the beer. If they suspected anything they could haul me off quickly enough. But the beer had tasted queer. My heart began to pump very unpleasantly.

He closed the french windows silently. Then he began to search my case. He examined it carefully and then crossed to the wardrobe and went through the stuff there. I shut my eyes again. I didn't know what to do if he looked under the coverlet. The Norstrund was there. I could feel it against my side.

I wondered where the British Embassy was, if I could somehow get to the street, jump on a tram, hide.

My heart was going like a steam hammer. I couldn't control my breathing. I heard a rustle of cloth, and opened my eyes again. He was fumbling with something and I couldn't see what it was until he held it up. My mac, at the foot of the bed. He was feeling the pockets. He withdrew something.

IT was Maura's Norstrund. I had totally forgotten it. But now with a single flash of inspiration, I saw a chance of salvation, a slim, slim chance. He didn't know about Maura's Norstrund. Nobody did. If he showed any kind of informed interest in it, I'd have to get him out of the room while I did something about the other one.

He dropped the mac and took something out of his own pocket. A small delicate movement of the elbow: he was cutting. I thought, *Oh, God, he's on to it, this is it*, and, half vomiting with the beer rising in my throat, stretched and groaned and sat up.

I didn't see what he did with the Norstrund. In one movement, he bent, began tidying my shoes where they had fallen beside the bed, and picked up the mac.

"Ah, you've wakened, Pan Whistler. A good sleep?"

"Yes, thanks. God!" I said, holding my head. "How long have I slept?"

"It's early yet, not quite five. I came in to shut the windows. The loudspeakers were making a great noise."

I licked dry lips. I said: "I'd be glad of a cup of tea, Josef."

"Right away, Pan Whistler. I will just hang up your raincoat."

He turned with his darkling smile and opened the wardrobe to do this. And then the clumsy oaf dropped the book. His eye caught mine. He said slowly, "Ah, *pardon*. There was something in the pocket," and picked up the book. He didn't know what to do with it. I gazed at him in dull horror. He placed the book on the table and left the room.

I moved quickly off the bed, locked the door and got Cunliffe's Norstrund from under the coverlet, wondering where to hide it. I went through to the bathroom, remembering a flower box against the short stretch of wall between the bathroom and bedroom windows. It held a few pots of petunias standing on a gravel base.

I took two of the pots out, scrabbed up the gravel, pushed the book into it and smoothed the gravel over again before replacing the pots. I went and washed the gravel off my hands.

I had worked quickly and in extreme panic and not more than half a minute had elapsed since Josef had left the room. I wondered how far he had got with Maura's Norstrund and picked it up. I saw then that he'd sliced a shaving off the bottom of the bulging spine. Inside the gap there was a loose slim shield of cambric, and something else. I edged it out. A corner of rice paper showed.

My forehead had gone cold and I felt sick as a dog. I thought, *I've hidden the wrong one. I've got them mixed up somehow.* I couldn't understand how it could have happened. I couldn't understand why the paper was hidden in the spine instead of under the flyleaf. I pulled it out. It was a mass of figures, letters, equations.

My body seemed to be covered with fine cold sweat all over. I was shaking like a leaf. I thought, *it can't be, it can't be.* This book had stayed in my raincoat pocket all the time at the glassworks. It had been the other one I'd left on the desk.

I sat down on the bed, my legs shaking, staring stupidly at the book. There was no dot on it. I had put the dot on the other one. I had put it on in this very room. I remembered it clearly. I'd got the two books spread out in front of me.

BUT then Svoboda had telephoned. Had I put the dot on the wrong one? *Now wait. Think*, I told myself. *Work it out.* I had known which one was Maura's because it was an earlier edition, 1950. Cunliffe's had been 1953.

I opened the book. It said 1953.

All right, I said, streams of sweat running down my forehead, and accepting this nightmarish fact. *This one is Cunliffe's. I accidentally switched it. It was Maura's I left on the desk at the glassworks. It is Maura's that is now in the flower box. This one here in my hands is Cunliffe's.*

Then how the hell, I thought, *does this one come to have the formula in it?* The sweat trickled over into my eyes. The answer was all too clear. I must have brought it in with me.

The formula was lying on the table next to Cunliffe's Norstrund. I screwed up my eyes and examined it. The top line said: *Amend Aldermaston 8, 3rd stage, Banshee.*

I crumpled the paper up in my hands at once. I said aloud: "Oh, no." I looked wildly round the room, licking my lips. There was only one place for this. I went through to the bathroom again, somewhat unsteadily, dropped the screw of paper in the w.c. and flushed it down. My face in the mirror was ghastly.

I thought I heard the rattle of tea things along the corridor and belted back to the bedroom in a panic. I unlocked the door, closed the Norstrund on the table and lay back on the bed again. Aldermaston was the place where they developed nuclear weapons. The Banshee was the latest. I turned away from the door, more terrified than ever before in my life.

Josef came into the room. "Pan Whistler," he said. "Wake up, Pan Whistler. Your tea, Pan Whistler."

In the moment before I sat up, I decided what I had to do. Get out of the hotel and find the British Embassy.

Josef was standing there, relaxed and smiling. He had put the tray down on the table where the Norstrund had been. It wasn't there now.

"You have slept again, Pan Whistler," he said jovially, pouring tea. "Maybe you'd like to write your letter now. You can catch the earlier post."

My heart was thumping wildly. "I think I'll make it a postcard. Are there any picture postcards downstairs?" I knew there were. I had seen them.

"Certainly. I'll send up a selection."

"Don't bother. I need to wake up. I'll go down myself."

"As you prefer," he said. I thought he seemed rather pleased at this. It would probably give him an opportunity to replace the Norstrund.

AS soon as Josef had gone I slipped off the bed, picked up my jacket and went out of the room. There was nobody in the corridor. I walked down the stairs and strolled slowly to the entrance. Then I was out, in the street.

No hand fell on my shoulder. Nipping in and out of the endlessly streaming crowds, I was at the post office in three minutes. I found the telephone booths, looked up the British Embassy and dialled the number.

I'd never been in such a jittery, teeth-chattering panic in my life before.

A testy cockney voice said: "Hallo, hallo. British Embassy."

I said: " My name's Whistler. I'm a British citizen. I've got to come round there. Whereabouts are you?"

He told me.

"I'll be along right away," I said.

"Oh, I shouldn't do that, sir. Nobody here now—they've all gone fo-

Poet in the Garden

Pruning is an art, not cruel, but kind.
The well-cut shrubs and trees more blossoms bear,
And grow to better, healthier plants, you'll find.
Those that bloom in summer, deutzia, fair
White philadelphus, like a bride's bouquet,
And tall spiraea, with its plume-like spray,
These should be trimmed as soon as flowers have died.
But those, like lilac, broom, that bloom in May
Need only faded seed heads cut away.
Now sow your wallflower seeds. If you've not tried
The double kinds, then set some, blooms that cluster
Thickly, like stocks, yet with a velvet feel,
And warm, soft, fruit-like scent of gillyflowers.
And plant auriculas, all you can muster.
With dust white leaves, and wide-eyed blooms' appeal,
They smell as sweet as honey after showers.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

the night. Open again at ten in the morning."

"But I've got to get there tonight," I said. "I'm in serious trouble. I've got to have protection."

"Run into a spot of bother, have you?"

"Bother!" I said. "Look, the secret police will be after me any minute now. They're probably looking for me right this very moment. You've got to——"

"Well, it's no use telling me about it on this phone, sir," he broke in tartly. "It's an open line—follow what I mean?"

I followed what he meant. I found myself idiotically dropping my voice. I whispered into the phone: "Look, I've simply got to get to the embassy. I can't explain now——"

"All right, sir," he said. "I live here. Keep a cool head. Things aren't always as serious as they seem in this country, you know. I should sleep on it if I was you, sir. And don't forget to bring your passport. Can't let you in without that." He hung up right away.

A few minutes later I found myself walking up the Vaclavske Namesti, dazed and shaking. What did he mean? What else but come round right away. I'll let you in and you can stay here. If the line was tapped he couldn't say more.

And the business about sleeping on it? Obviously to put off anyone else who might be listening.

I began to feel some faint return of confidence. Nobody seemed to be following me. In twenty minutes or so I could be safe inside the embassy telling this reassuring cockney all about it.

And then I remembered that my passport was back at the Slovenska. It was under the coverlet in room one-forty. So was my wallet.

A few spots of rain were falling as I walked back to the Vaclavske Namesti. I had had two stiff vodkas in the Slavia while pondering my best course of action.

The vodka had a calming effect. For the first time I thought about the whole mission. It was plain I had been tricked all along. Smooth little Cunliffe who'd fooled me once about the legacy had fooled me again about the formula.

CLEARLY, they had wanted someone with a plausible reason for visiting an Iron Curtain country. Czechoslovakia was the easiest; it traded with the west; had a large glass industry. Find someone with connections with the industry. Rig up a story to convince him he is bringing something out, some character like myself who wouldn't dare to examine the thing he was supposed to be bringing out.

I could imagine the consternation in the glassworks when they had found nothing in the Norstrund. No wonder there had been some delay in getting it back. They must have stripped it.

But why drug me? Why not arrest me? Why such finesse?

Because, it seemed to me, after much intensive thought, perhaps they weren't absolutely sure I'd brought anything with me. They might suspect some last-minute change of plan in London.

I began to see that I might have acted rashly in dashing from the hotel.

I thought it was time to go back.

Although it was only just after six, the lowering clouds had brought premature darkness. The trams were lit up and, as I rounded the corner of the Vaclavske Namesti, the floodlighting suddenly went on all down the street. One by one the banners and portraits sprang to life. There were "oohs" and "ahs" from the crowds.

I hadn't made up my mind quite what to do when I reached the hotel. It seemed to me that my best bet was to demonstrate visible unconcern.

I had taken my room key out with me and had it in my hand as I reached the second floor. Josef was not lurking, as usual, but I saw his tailcoated behind as he leaned out of a window overlooking the floodlit street.

HE heard me coming and drew in his head. "Ah, Pan Whistler. You're feeling better now?"

"Much better, thanks. The floodlighting is quite a spectacle."

"They say it's even better on the Heights. You should take a look later." He was rubbing his hands gently, prepared for a chat.

I suddenly realized what a muggins I had been to panic and make a dash for it, but in the same moment knew that I had nothing to worry about. I was the simpleton who thought he was smuggling something out of the country. Any signs of nervousness were perfectly understandable.

I gave Josef a cheerful good evening and opened the room door. Two things stopped me short like some stricken beast in the doorway. One was the sight of both Norstrunds lying neatly side by side on the table with my passport and wallet. The other was two men out on the balcony. They turned and came in the room. Behind me Josef firmly closed the door.

They were wearing long pale raincoats, unbuttoned, and both of them had their hats on. One, somewhat shorter than the other, said conversationally: "Whistler, Nicolas?"

I said "Yes," and licked my lips.

"We must ask you some questions. Please take a seat."

I said: "Who are you?"

The taller man withdrew a wallet from his breast pocket and opened it in front of me. The wallet had a glazed window. Inside was a card with his portrait and the words STATNI NARODNE BEZPECNOST. State Security Police.

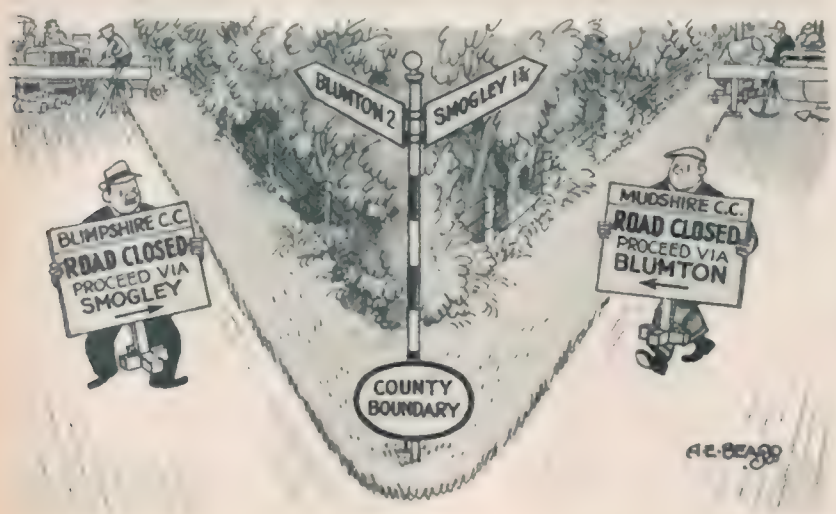
© *Lionel Davidson, 1959*

NEXT WEEK: The terror that lasted all night

TEARS—4

Few women keep their dignity when they are in tears.

Colette



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You can't go wrong

continued from page 6

asked. She was rocking herself gently in the swing-seat on the terrace. "Has he got some examination on his mind, Sylvia? You know, Jacques, Julian has all the brains in the family. We all worry frightfully about his overtaxing them. What's bothering him now, Sylvia?"

"His age," thought Sylvia, but she didn't say it. But then, suddenly, her green eyes opened very wide, for the simple and obvious solution of the whole problem had flashed upon her. "Why?" she exclaimed, "of course! There's the answer." She looked excitedly at her sister and brother-in-law. "*You* two are over twenty-one."

"What's all this about?" asked Nancy.

Sylvia poured out the whole story.

"You see," she said, "Julian just hasn't thought of this. He's so clever and complicated, and this is too obvious for him to think of. But the thing to do, of course, is for *you* two to go to the Casino and play just the way Hiff plays, and then we'll share out all the profits. You see?"

She looked at them in triumph. They looked at each other. Then they both looked at her. There was a curious silence. It made Sylvia uneasy.

"What's the matter?" she said.

Nancy glanced at Jacques. Jacques nodded. His hard-bitten, pleasant face looked unusually grave.

"Sylvia," Nancy said, "we don't talk about Jacques's profession. You'll understand why when I tell you that he's one of the most important men in the detective force here."

"I—I never dreamed it," Sylvia faltered.

"Neither, obviously, did Dr. Early and Mr. Hiff," Jacques said drily, "or they wouldn't have made their base right next door to me. Right next door. And I've had no inkling of what was going on. I ought to be fired."

He lit a cigarette, his grey eyes narrowed in the sunshine.

"A roulette system backed by a large-scale electronic computer," he said. "This is serious. It opens up problems of Casino policy. Time and consideration will be needed to find grounds, not damaging to the Casino's reputation for taking a liberal attitude towards all 'systems,' on which to revoke these men's *cartes d'entrée*. Meantime, they could prove very costly—even during the next few hours. We need to get at them immediately." He leaned forward, frowning. "Sylvia, tell me, exactly, all you know about these two."

Sylvia was shaken by his gravity.

"I've told you all I know, Jacques," she said. "Dr. Early is a scientist and Hiff is a gambler, and they met when they were 'doing a carpet'—whatever that may mean—and they got this idea, and. . . ."

"*Doing a carpet?*" Jacques said sharply.

"Why, that's what Hiff said," Sylvia assured him. "I heard it quite clearly, though it didn't seem to make much sense. . . ."

"Oh, but it does," said Jacques, and he smiled. "A *stretch*, a *carpet*—these are English prison slang for different lengths of prison sentence. Sylvia, you've shown me the way out of a nasty situation. I'm now going to telephone for gendarmes to accompany me next door to the Villa Taggourt. Dr. Early and Mr. Hiff will be in their car and on their travels within the hour. Oh, they'll be allowed to keep what they've won so far—the Casino is never paltry. But the strictest rule we have here is that any person who's ever served a prison sentence, anywhere, will be expelled forthwith from the Principality. Thank you, Sylvia! If you'll excuse me. . . ."

From the terrace, Sylvia and Nancy presently heard a squad of motor-cycles roar up next door. Soon after, a car's starter whirred, followed by a renewed roar of motor-cycles. The sound of the cavalcade escorting Dr. Early and Mr. Hiff into exile receded into the distance. Peace descended upon the garden of the Villa Jasmin.

Then Jacques reappeared, smiling. "That's that," he said. "The experts are already dismantling Dr. Early's computer. Nancy, I think we must broach a bottle of champagne to drink to your wonderful sister. Incidentally, Sylvia, I think you'll find that the Casino authorities can be both grateful and . . . generous." He spotted Julian coming up the path. "Come and drink to your sister," he called. "You can be proud of her, Julian. Thanks to her, we've got rid of them. They're gone."

JULIAN said: "Gone? What do you mean? I've been waiting down there at the Café de Paris to see Hiff arrive at the Casino. I had it all worked out. I went and saw them next door, after lunch, and I told them I'd blow the gaff on them unless they played for us, too, as we weren't allowed in the Casino. Naturally, they agreed, so I gave them our money, Sylvia, to stake for us. His intelligent face paled. "Gone?" he shouted. "They've gone off with all our holiday money."

Sylvia looked at him. It might be true, as their father had said, that he had all the brains in the family, but he was unquestionably bankrupt. She felt rather sorry for him.

"It was silly of you to give them our money, Julian," she said, "but don't let it worry you. Jacques says the Casino will probably be rather generous to me."

She gave her brother an encouraging smile. "I'll lend you a bit to carry on with," she said kindly. THE END

© *Philip Atkey, 1959*

NEXT WEEK'S STORIES

KAY AND THE KING

lighthearted romp by CLIVE BURNLEY

TWO SMALL FEET

heartwarming story by HUGH B. CAVE

The wildest game

continued from page 16

and his assistant knew exactly how to do it. I went along to watch.

We started out in a car with a little seat stropped to the right-hand front fender. Willie sat in this seat with a long pole that had a noose at the end. His assistant drove the car as though it were an airplane across the semi-open bush country. I'd been worried about what would happen if we met a herd of elephants or buffalo. After the first few miles I'd have welcomed a herd of elephants as a relief; they'd have made the driver slow down.

Two lorries followed us full of trans port cages and "boys," as the native men are called in East Africa. The lorries would stop on a hill and watch to see if we caught anything. If we didn't, the drivers would go to the next hill and stop again.

The plains were covered with game. Never had I imagined such vast numbers of animals. We drove at top speed past tens of thousands of zebras, topi, reedbuck, waterbuck, impalas, hartebeest, wildebeest (called "gnu" in America), Thompson's gazelles, Grant gazelles, duiker, oribi and flocks of ostriches. Willie de Beer told me that in the old days the Boers used to shoot these animals by the thousands merely to get grease for their wagons. It was hard to believe that these zebras, common as sparrows, were worth $500 F.O.B. New York, or that the giraffes —and we passed many herds of sixty or more—would bring $5,000 each.

Captured at speed

That day Willie was after zebras. His assistant drove at top speed through the centre of a herd, cutting it in half. He then spun the wheel and cut one section into half again, keeping up this technique until he had a small group of about twenty zebras isolated from the main body. We drove alongside the galloping animals.

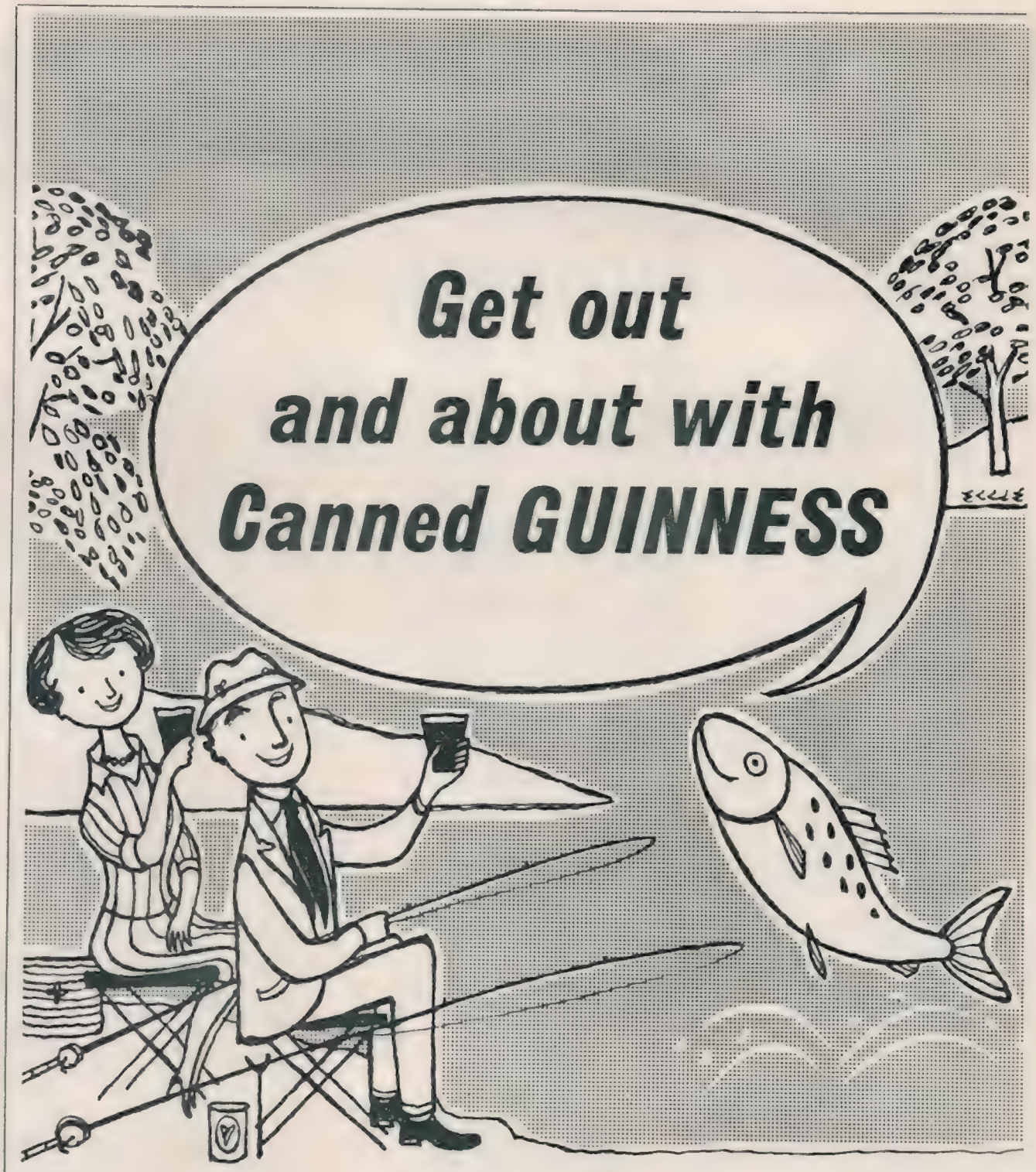
Willie expertly noosed one of the young zebras and we stopped with a scream of brakes, the cloud of red dust that had been following the car swirling around us. Willie's assistant had leaped out almost before the car stopped moving and deftly slapped a muzzle on the foal to keep him from biting.

A pole with a red cloth on the end was quickly driven into the ground and the zebra tied to it. Instantly we were off again.

The next zebra was caught a few minutes later, and then the third. They stood as quietly as tame horses while the muzzles were put on and they were tied up. Willie told me that when zebras are first caught, they go into a state of trance from shock but this condition only lasts for a minute or so. Then they put up a terrible resistance, biting and kicking so savagely that it is almost impossible to handle them. Speed is vital and the two men worked together like clockwork. After I got the hang of the business, I was able to help them and we caught a dozen zebras in two hours.

By means of this roping system, in the next three months we got fourteen

THUMBTHING by Stowell



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The wildest game

continued from previous page

zebras, three eland, two waterbucks, four wildebeest, eight ostriches, five young giraffes and a number of gazelles. We also captured three young rhinos.

In capturing the rhinos, a slightly different system was used. We went out with two cars, one covered with old tyres to act as bumpers. When a cow rhino with a calf was spotted, the protected car would engage the mother while the other went after the baby. Even with the protection of the tyres, the driver had to exercise considerable skill for the infuriated mother could easily upset the car if she hit it broadside. The driver had to avoid the mother's rushes and at the same time lure her away from the baby. Fortunately, a rhino is a stubborn animal and the mother in her determination to destroy the car would forget about her baby.

Our most exciting hunt was for elephants. For this job, Willie took six cars. A German family living near Mozambique had been complaining that elephant herds were ruining their crops and offered to give us every assistance possible.

"That's good elephant-catching territory," Willie told me as we drove away at the head of our cavalcade. "The ground's level and there are plenty of big herds."

The marks of lions

The German's ranch house was built on the slope of a hill. Sitting on his porch with our sundowners in our hands, we could see over miles of country. There were seven lakes on the property and one river. He had a tiled swimming pool near the house and he told us that nearly every morning there were the pug marks of lions around it; the lions evidently regarding the pool as a new sort of waterhole. Through a pair of field-glasses, I could see herds of game scattered over the distant hills. Around the house were enormous fig and baobab trees, the finest I'd ever seen.

Shortly before dusk, when the setting sun turned the hills golden as though a gigantic yellow spotlight had been thrown on them, we saw the elephants. At that distance they looked like grey sheep. Through the glasses I could see their enormous ears and catch an occasional gleam of ivory as the bulls slowly turned their heads while feeding. Every now and then a trunk would go up, writhing about like a boa constrictor, as some member of the herd searched the wind for unusual scents.

"There are plenty of babies," said Willie who was studying the herd through his own glasses. "We won't have any trouble getting you a few."

Willie was too optimistic. We spent the next ten days following the herd without success. Either the animals were in dense cover where the cars couldn't go or the groups we found didn't have any suitable young. At last we had to admit that we were beaten.

On the last morning while the boys were loading our tents into the lorries, an incredible thing happened. A baby elephant came running into camp, crying loudly, and went from one to another of us, his tiny trunk curled up and his mouth open to be fed.

"His mother must have been shot by a poacher," Willie de Beer said.

Although the baby was so tame, he refused to go into a lorry and he was surprisingly strong. Finally, Willie had the boys dig a hole with a slanting side so the truck could be backed into it until the tailgate was level with the ground. Then we could lead the baby in without trouble.

We drove back along a twisting jungle trail and suddenly came on a whole herd of elephants, the very animals we'd been after for ten days.

The baby was squealing in the lorry—from hunger, not fright—and at the sound, the whole herd charged us. Even Willie de Beer, who is absolutely fearless, jumped out of the car and ran. I was right behind him. The herd surged around our cavalcade trying to find the baby. I saw one car go over and prayed that there was no one inside. Willie still had his gun and so had the other white men with us. They started firing over the herd and the elephants slowly withdrew, screaming and striking at the cars with their tusks and foreheads as they passed.

We managed to right the overturned car and continued on our way to the German's ranch. Luckily, the German had some goats and I gave the baby goat's milk, pouring it into him through a split bamboo pole. The little fellow was so eager that most of the milk splashed over him and me but finally he got a square meal. The goat's milk didn't agree with him too well but after a few days I worked out a formula of condensed milk and water mixed with corn gruel that did the trick.

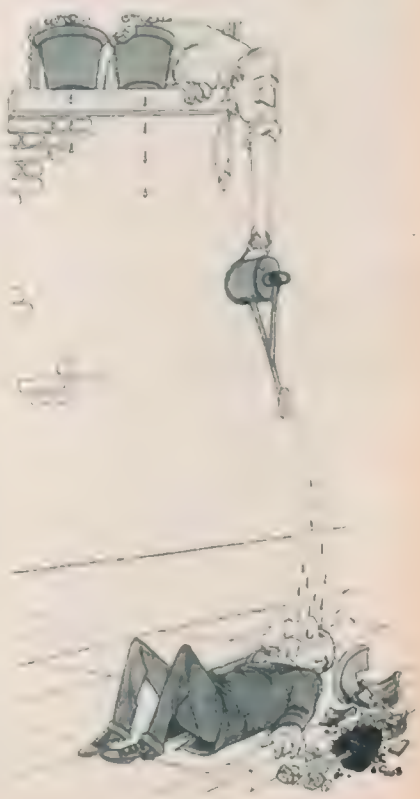
Most of the animals that Behrend wanted had now been collected. The little rhinos had grown very tame. The adults are such sullen, cantankerous beasts that I was astonished when the babies took to following me about like pet pigs, nuzzling for food and holding out their heads to be scratched, but Willie told me that even adult rhinos often tame very easily.

"But I wouldn't encourage them," he warned me. "They can become over protective. A chap named Stanton near Voi had a couple of pet rhinos that would attack anyone who seemed to be threatening their master. Once a friend slapped Stanton on the shoulder and the rhinos damned near killed the fellow before Stanton could drag them off."

Knowing that the rhinos would go to a zoo anyhow, I continued to play with them. The little male especially became a great pet. He had a funny little squeak, a ridiculous noise for such a big animal, and he used it to express all sorts of emotions, eagerness, irritation, alarm and as a "please-come-and-play-with-me" call.

Taking care of so many animals occupied all my time so I was unable to make many hunting trips. But I did take time off to visit Carr Huntley, the famous animal collector in Rumuruti. Carr was a big, broad-shouldered, hearty man who had a pet lioness that rode around in the car with him.

He carried his head slightly cocked to one side as the result of a blow from a charging rhino. His back was covered with scars where a lioness had clawed him. I asked him how it had



The unpredictable

Maria Callas

by ROBERT HOLLES

NEXT WEEK in JOHN BULL : Everybody's Weekly

happened. Carr told me that he had found some lion cubs and was collecting them when the mother unexpectedly returned. His boys, including his gunbearer, had promptly scampered up trees and Carr had been knocked down by the charging lioness. While she was standing over him considering where to take the next bite, Carr's gunbearer managed to climb down from the tree and shoot her.

Carr had a pair of tame white rhinos for which he was asking £17,000. Although white rhinos are rare, such a price was way out of line. I don't think Carr seriously wanted to sell them anyhow; he made too much money renting them out to motion picture companies. Virtually every picture made in Kenya over the last few years shows Carr's rhinos charging the embattled hero. They'll run to anyone who holds out a carrot for them. Then a quick shot can be inserted of the hero firing his gun and afterwards a picture of a dead rhino taken somewhere in the bush. Those two rhinos have been "killed" by Clark Gable, Victor Mature, Stewart Granger and I don't know how many others.

Finger bitten off

Later, I saw Carr in Nairobi, his hand heavily bandaged. A few days before his pet lioness had bitten off part of a finger. "She was in heat and a bit irritable," Carr explained apologetically. "I didn't mind her biting off my finger particularly, but then I'm damned if she didn't eat it."

I had arrived in East Africa in November. By June we had a nice collection of animals. In addition to the ones mentioned before, we had the baby elephant, four each of cheetahs, leopards, oryx, Grants, and wildebeests, and thirty smaller antelopes and gazelles. We also had several dozen monkeys of various kinds, scores of reptiles, varying from spitting cobras to pythons, and hundreds of birds.

Most of the birds were caught in great nets stretched across ravines. These nets, made in Japan, are called "mist nets" and are made in three layers so a flying bird will become entangled. The nets are so light that they are almost impossible to see.

The snakes were brought in by the natives who could track a snake through the wavy lines they left in soft earth or sand. The track usually led to a hole and after that it was simply a matter of digging.

The leopards were caught in box traps baited with a goat. The cheetahs were run down in cars.

Behrend had a shipment of South American animals destined for the European market and he wanted me to go over with them.

The shipment consisted of eight jaguars, twelve cougars, three tapirs, eight llamas, six guanocos, two alpacas, twelve capybaras, two hundred nutrias, sixteen agoutis, six rheas, one hundred flamingos, 160 macaws, two hundred parrots and three hundred monkeys.

The cargo was worth $50,000. The nutrias were the worst to handle. They are big, muskrat-like animals with powerful chisel teeth and they chewed their way out of their cages the first day. Then they staged fights up and down the decks. They were terrible animals to catch for they could whirl and bite in a flash, and their big teeth gouged out hunks of flesh.

They screamed all night and when they weren't chewing their way out they were fighting. Several were killed in these combats. I hated them, but there was a big demand for nutrias in Europe. Magazines were full of ads: "Make a fortune raising nutrias in your spare time! Valuable fur! Clean, lovable little pets!" The price of these overgrown rats had jumped from $4 to $150 and Behrend wanted to be in on the bonanza.

We were to sail from Recife, Brazil, and there I found that a ship carrying another of Behrend's animal cargoes destined for Europe had gone on a reef in the harbour. I had the animals transferred to my ship, and this new cargo included three lions (bred in captivity in South American zoos) and a large number of soft-billed birds.

Feeding the soft-bills was more trouble than taking care of all the other animals combined, even those damned nutrias. Behrend had his own soft-bill formula and it contained fifteen different ingredients, such as minced hard-boiled egg, minced lettuce, ant eggs, fruit and ground ox heart.

The fourth day out, I was taking a shower after finishing my chores when one of the crew burst into my cabin door. "A jaguar's loose!" he shouted.

I thought it was a joke, but more seamen came running in and one look at their faces was enough for me. With a towel wrapped around my middle, I raced for the deck. Sure enough, there in the yellow light of the setting sun was a big 400-lb. jaguar, the size of a fully grown African lioness, stretched out on the afterdeck, licking his paws.

© *Peter Ryhiner and Daniel P. Mannix, 1959*

NEXT WEEK: I operate on a man-eating tiger

"The Wildest Game," by Peter Ryhiner and Daniel P. Mannix, will be published as a book by Cassell on July 9, price 21s.

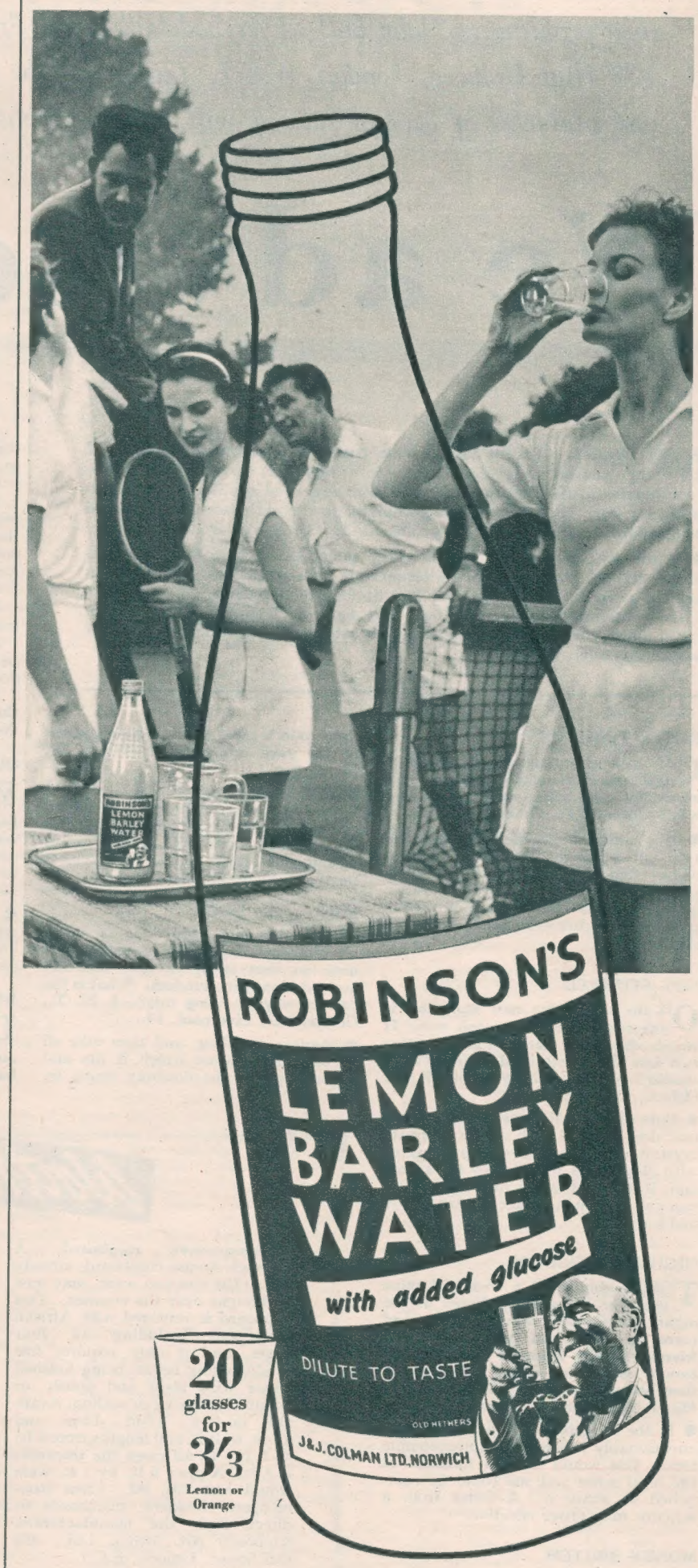
Answers to
Everybody's Puzzling
See page 30

BRAIN TEASER

From each point 23 lines start or end. As he has 23 × 24 such starts or ends, and as there is one start and one end for each line, the total number of lines must be 23 × 12, or 276 lines.

QUIZZLE

Quotation: When shall we three meet again; in thunder, lightning, or in rain? (Shakespeare; Macbeth.)
Clue Down: Parting is such sweet sorrow.
Clues Across: (A) Prawn; (B) Asphodel; (C) Replenish; (D) Tarpaulin; (E) Ill-wisher; (F) Notch; (G) Gremlin; (H) Interim; (I) Sediment; (J) Shanghai; (K) Union; (L) Carillon; (M) Hutch; (N) Scrutiny; (O) Widgeon; (P) Eternal; (Q) Epilogue; (R) Throstle; (S) Sentinel; (T) Oblong; (U) Roster; (V) Routine; (W) Ordeal; (X) Welkin.



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Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to "John Bull : Everybody's Weekly" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise...

MY house is adjacent to a private tennis club and with the start of the season has come trouble. Members park cars indiscriminately in the road and interfere with access to my house when I'm using my car. Before I make a complaint to the club secretary I should be grateful to know the legal position.—E. G., Stockport.

● If the road is a public highway the police could take action if it is obstructed by private cars. Alternatively you could take legal action against anyone obstructing your free access to your house.

It is possible that the club itself may have no legal liability, but you could make your protest to the secretary who doubtless would endeavour to end this nuisance.

RUSTY TOMATOES

CAN you please tell me if rust that is on the inside of my water tub will affect my greenhouse tomatoes in any way?—Mrs. G. P., Grantham, Lincs.

● It is unlikely that the rust inside the tub will harm the tomatoes. If rain water is collected from roofs, it sometimes carries with it certain disease germs that have been deposited on the roof by birds, but even this risk is very slight.

NOT STUMPED

ON the site of my new bungalow is the stump of a large ash tree. It stands about two feet high and is about two feet six inches in diameter. How should I go about killing it?—K. R. C., Helston, Cornwall.

● Bore several holes with an auger one foot deep and fill with copper sulphate crystals. Plug the holes with bungs or with clay. This will destroy the stump and, if it is well away from the house, you can pour petrol over it next winter and burn it.

NIGHT PROGRAMME

THE neighbour of a friend of mine uses her radio at all hours of the night, occasionally after midnight, and turns up the volume very high. My friend is losing a lot of sleep. If she cannot settle the matter amicably, is there some law which could help her?—Miss P. G., Penzance, Cornwall.

● If the neighbour plays her wireless unreasonably loudly or at unreasonable times, this would cause a nuisance in the legal sense and she could be compelled to abate it. A letter from a solicitor may prove effective.

MONEY SWITCH

IS it permissible to send small remittances to the U.S.A. in exchange for goods? If so, what is the correct way to send the money?—J. M., Glasgow, S.2.

● You must obtain permission first from the Bank of England. The transaction can be done through a bank (whether or not you have an account), or through a post office which conducts money order business.

LOCKED-UP LOCK-UP?

THERE is a garage in my backyard which my landlord lets to other people. Access is obtained through double doors into my yard. Have I the right to lock these doors, refusing access to the yard and garage?—H. J. B., Glamorgan.

● If your landlord has the legal right to let the garage, although it stands in your yard, you would have no right to prevent his tenant from having access to it through these double doors, unless there is some other means of access.

SHIFT THE DOOR

TO make more space in a small kitchen I should like to re-hang the door so that it opens into the hall instead of into the kitchen. What is the correct way of doing this?—J. H. T., Grassendale, Liverpool, 19.

● Remove the door, and then take off the beading against which it fits and move it across the doorway frame by the thickness of the door. If there is a gap where the hinges were fixed, fill with wood filler, and sand smooth.

It may be necessary to cut new rebates in the back of the door to take the hinges, or if you want to hang the door on the other side of the doorway leave them as they are and turn the door round.

Either way you will have to cut rebates in the door frame for the hinges.

Lock and handle fittings will have to be altered to fit the new position of the door.

Now you can re-hang the door. Leave the fitting of the lock until after the door is fixed, to ensure a good fit.

QUESTION OF KEEPING

WHEN I found some money in a local shop I handed it to the shopkeeper. After a while, knowing that nobody had claimed it, I asked him whether the money was mine. He says he is going to keep the money. Who should get it?—B. H., Birmingham, 28.

● The money is the shopkeeper's. It was found on his premises and he is entitled to keep it unless the rightful owner is found.

BUTTON TROUBLE

DURING a walk with my young dog he playfully leaped up at a woman and caught his paw in an opening at the back of her overcoat, wrenching off a small button. The only damage was to the button. Now I have received a solicitor's letter demanding damages of £1 10s. Am I liable to pay anything?—A. T. N., Llandudno, Caernarvonshire.

● Unless the woman has evidence to show that your dog was known to be dangerous or unduly mischievous, she cannot hold you liable for the damage.

CANVAS HOLIDAYS

MY wife and I wish to go on a camping holiday this year and, as this will be a new venture for us, we would like to obtain information about camping sites.—N. P., Scarborough, Yorks.

● Your best plan would be to become a member of the Camping Club of Great Britain, 35 Old Kent Road, London, S.E.1.

Membership costs £1 5s. annually and there is a 10s. entrance fee.

This will entitle you to lists of sites and copies of the club's very useful publication, *Camping And Outdoor Life*.

LICENCE VISIBILITY

WHAT is the law about the display of road fund licences on motor cars?—G. T., Edinburgh, 10.

● The regulations are that when a vehicle has a glass windscreen extending across the vehicle to the nearside the licence may be placed facing forwards on the near (left) lower corner of the screen or within two inches of the glass, either in front or behind it, so as to be clearly visible by daylight from the front at all times.

If any other position is used the licence must be placed so that it is clearly visible at all times by daylight to a person standing at the near side of the vehicle.

WHO IS CLOSEST?

A BACHELOR whom I knew died recently leaving no will. A niece and her husband lived with him for years and now they are claiming all his possessions. There are other relatives, direct cousins, children of the deceased's mother's brother and sister. The niece is his brother's daughter. To whom does the estate go?—B. M., Doncaster.

● If the dead man's parents are deceased his estate passes to all his brothers and sisters in equal shares. If any of them were dead, their children would take the share.

In this case only the niece has a claim.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

▶ **Inexpensive chipboard:** A ready-to-use chipboard, already cut to the size you want, may now be bought over the counter. This Vipboard is veneered with African hardwood, including all four edges, and it only requires fine sandpapering before being finished either with stain and polish or simply by waxing or sealing. Available in 9-in., 12-in., 15-in. and 18-in. widths, and lengths from 3 ft. to 5 ft. In all cases the thickness is ¾ in. A piece 5 ft. by 1 ft. wide would cost 19s. 9d. From ironmongers, builders' merchants or direct from the manufacturers, Vipboard (Gt. Brit.), Ltd., 332 Old Street, London, E.C.1.

▶ **Gay garden tools:** Paint the handles of garden tools in brilliant colours, reds, blues and yellows. This will prevent their lying about unnoticed and being trodden on. It will also preserve the wood. (Mrs. M. Gibb, Farnham.)

▶ **Carpet services:** Do you find carpet buying a problem? Then you should visit the Fitted Carpet Service newly opened in London. Here you may choose from a wide selection of carpets plain and patterned, each one of which is clearly labelled as to its grade, colours available and general suitability. Specialists are in attendance to give advice and an appointment may be made to have one call at your home to estimate.

The carpet is cut, seamed and bound and laid in your home at your convenience. This service is only available to people living in the London area and the home counties at present. However, there is a pattern book of carpets which may be sent to readers who live farther afield. Write for particulars to: Turberville Smith & Son, Ltd., 32-34 Great Marlborough Street, London, W.1.

▶ **Curtain cord tip:** When taking down curtains to be washed, first mark the cords in the tape close to the knots where they are drawn up and tied, with a marking pencil or marking ink. When re-hanging the curtains simply draw up the tape to its original mark. (Mrs. D. M. Parks, Pudsey.)

▶ **Cat door:** Cat lovers will be interested in the new Pussflap cat door, which may be fitted to any door, to allow pussy to leave and enter the house freely. Finished in steel-grey stove enamel, there is an aperture size of 7 in. by 6 in. making it suitable for cats large and small. Instructions for fitting to a house door or windows are included with the Pussflap. A hinged flap makes it close positively to avoid draughts sweeping through the house. Price £1 1s. 6d., including screws, plus 1s. for postage. Available from A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C.1.

▶ **Floor coating:** Protect your concrete, quarry tile or wooden surfaces in the home with an application of Exon floor coating. This provides a tough surface, which gives good wear and which can be washed and polished and is not affected by splashes of oil or grease. An application will dry in 2-4 hours; colours white, battleship-grey, stone or tile-red. Priced 16s. per quart or 8s. 3d. per pint. Made by Exsud Engineering, Ltd., 26-27 Cowcross Street, London, E.C.1.

* * *

If you have a trouble-saving household tip for this column, send it in to Roger Smithells, JOHN BULL : EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each tip published.

HOLIDAY CHEQUES

head Bullets AWARDS value over £1250

★ ***Follow this week's New Malden winner to a big success in the FUN-with-WORDS Contest!***

Bullets No. 2,193 Result:

£800 "Holiday-plus-Cash" Award, or £750 lump sum: Mrs. E. Ward, 4 The Close, New Malden:

Wonderful Olden—Days—Through "Golden *Haze*"!

£50 S. S. Rounce, 12 Deveraux Road, Ebley, Stroud: **Wonderful Shape—Britannia—"Full Fifty-nine,"** *Everywhere*!

£25 W. L. Hoole, 26 Chapel Street, Tiverton: **His Holiday Jobs—Help Teacher Afford** —*Teaching*!

£10 Mrs. W. J. Owen, 68 Port Tennant Road, Danygraig, Swansea: **Wonderful Guy—Makes *Southend* "South Pacific"!**

£9 D. R. Mackay, 29 Coombe Close, Yeovil, Somerset: **Tide Of Nationalism—Laps, Laps, Laps—"*Slaps*"!**

£8 Mrs. M. S. Gray, 16 Ruthven Street, Glasgow: **Horse-sense — Lacking — If "Whip" Overworked!**

£7 J. D. Robertson, 14 Holmhead Place, Glasgow: **The New Shangri-la — For Refugee — Another *Compound*?**

£6 C. J. Evans, 20 Heol Booker, Whitchurch, Cardiff: **Horse-sense—When She Nags —"Trot"!**

£5 W. Rivers, 6 Peel Street, Kidderminster: **At The Police-station — Nowadays—"Age? Name? *Gang*?"**

£4 D. Morris, 3 Elgar Crescent, Llanrumney, Cardiff: **Plagued With Pomp — Soothed By *Romp*—Queen.**

Ten Prizes of £3 and 3,200 other Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed at 1s. per Bullet. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated July 25), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 11, for early news of No. 2,198 result.)

POST ENTRY
Bullets 2,198, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

First Prize—£850 in HOLIDAY CASH

£500 CASH on JULY 11	£50 on Aug. 1 1960	£50 on Aug. 1 1961	£50 on Aug. 1 1962
	£50 on Aug. 1 1963	£50 on Aug. 1 1964	£50 on Aug. 1 1965	£50 on Aug. 1 1966

Lump sum of £700 if preferred

OTHER PRIZES GALORE

£50, £25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, £5, £4, 10 of £3, 100 £1 PRESENTATION PARCELS 1,500 "TAKE-YOUR-PICK" PRIZES Up to 20 SUMMER BANQUETS SEE COUPON BELOW

WAY TO WIN

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

Britain's Star	Glorious Failure
When I'm On Holiday	For Art's Sake
Man, The Thinker	Making The Most Of It
Shows Chivalry's Not Dead	At The Hairdresser's
In The Eastern Theatre	Like A Caged Tiger
Bigger And Better	Going Nuts
Private Enterprise	Girl On A Scooter
Must Have A Gimmick, So	Quite A Night
Sea Of Paper	Deafening
Every Tom, Dick And Harry	The Mayor And Corporation

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

The.....Went Wrong And	Messing About In.....
Easily	A Modest .....
If.....Saw Kruschev	What Makes.....Go

EXAMPLE ..... 1s. PER BULLET

BULLET .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. ..... 5th BULLET **FREE** WITH 4 PAID

B. .....

CHICKEN, PEACHES and CREAM

Grand Summer Banquet as Bonus goes to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful Bullet was one of four or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,198 Post not later than last collection on **MON., JUNE 29**

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 1s. per Bullet or 4s. for complete coupon.

P.O. Value.....

Signed ..... No.....

Address .....

.....

NEXT WEEK **£1,250 CAR-plus-CASH OFFER!**

Long days . .

Long weekends . .

Long runs . .

. . . Above all the assurance of long and trouble-free mileage from your Dunlop tyres—these are the joys you are looking forward to this summer. Longer days invite longer journeys. The more you travel the more you'll be glad you chose Dunlop 'Gold Seal', the tyres which make motoring really carefree motoring.

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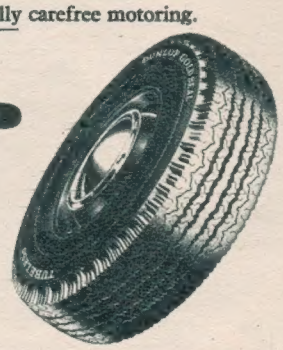
for TOP Mileage and TOP Safety!



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Remembering the delicious 'CELEBRATION CREAM' . . and the exquisite dry 'FINO LA INA'

LOVELY FLOORS

DARKALINE
THE BEST STAIN MADE

6 WAYS TO SAVE MONEY

Those luscious cakes you see in bakers' shops (at luscious prices, too!) are easy and inexpensive to make yourself . . . with Susan King's wonderful recipes in the EXTRA 4-page pull-out supplement in the new issue of WOMAN'S REALM . . . eleven cakes in all, some shown in full colour. Recipes include Marble Cake, Grape & Walnut Cake, Fluffy Tipsy Cake. The other five ways of saving money? There are instructions for making your own hats (three delightful ones), knitting your own sweaters (two hand-knits, two machine-knits), styling your own hair (two Mayfair styles illustrated and explained), making your own pot-pourri (very easy) and buying furniture (the sort that will last). WOMAN'S REALM is only 4d.—out on Tuesday, June 23—don't miss it!

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